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CONTENTS

THE SHAPE OF THINGS

85

The Shape of Things

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EDITORIALS:

LA GUARDIA'S POLICE

87

BUSINESS PICKS UP

88

CHIN UP, MR. HOGAN

89

PARADE OF DICTATORS by Freda Kirchwey

89

CORRECTION

90

RESCUING THE SWEATSHOP

by Kenneth G. Crawford

91

THE COUGHLIN TERROR by James Wechsler

92

AMERICA AND EUROPE by Louis Fischer

97

IN THE WIND

101

ISSUES AND MEN by Oswald Garrison Villard

102

BOOKS AND THE ARTS:

HAVELOCK ELLIS, 1859-1939 by Karl Menninger

103

CURRENT HISTORY by Rustem Vambéry

104

THE END OF AN EPOPEE by Hans Kohn

105

LIBERTY AND THE BABY'S BOTTLE

by McAlister Coleman

106

BROWNSON RESTORED by Sydney Zebel

107

PEPYS AND THE NAVY by Donald A. Roberts

108

LIFE OF BIZET by Jacques Barzun

108

DRAMA by Franz Hoellering

109

RECORDS by B. H. Haggin

110

THE STRIKE AGAINST THE DESTRUCTION OF the "prevailing wage" clause in the WPA program is apparently doomed to failure; the more general havoc wrought by the new relief bill is once more visible. It may be that an essential weakness of the walkout was its concentration on one special defect of an almost uniformly bad bill; to the thousands who are receiving pink slips because the general appropriation was inadequate the specific issue of a "prevailing wage" must have seemed rather remote. In any case the walkout never reached the scope of a protest against an insufferable relief program. It was riddled by the attacks of friends and enemies alike. The President echoed the dictum that "you can't strike against the government" after Frank Murphy laid it down, William Green took fright in the middle of the conflict, wholesale reprisals were launched, and the workers themselves were left bewildered and isolated. Beneath the rhetoric, which overnight made "you can't strike against the government" the eleventh commandment, the significant fact was the strength of the anti-WPA mobilization. Its impact on Congress, where the strikers' supporters beat an inglorious retreat, was plain. Will the same mobilization be powerful enough to stifle protest over the pink-slip deluge? In New York City alone 75,000 workers face dismissal because the new bill doesn't provide for them; their plight is duplicated throughout the country. There will be mass suffering and confusion as thousands clamor for relief. The issue itself is more dramatic and more clear-cut than the "prevailing wage" clause. Will the labor movement rise to the occasion? And will the three-meal-a-day public sense the inhumanity as well as the economic stupidity of this planned purge?

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HOPE OF REVISING THE NEUTRALITY ACT at this session of Congress has all but disappeared as a result of the 12 to 11 vote in favor of postponement by the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. Neither the President's urgent message nor Secretary Hull's carefully reasoned plea for revision has had any visible effect on the Republican and anti-New Deal coalition respon-

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sible for shelving the Administration's proposals. In the bitter struggle which has developed, little attention is being paid to the immediate threat of war inherent in American support to the aggressor nations. Forgotten also are the traditions of American policy in the Far East and Europe. American foreign policy in this crisis is being determined almost solely by domestic partisan considerations. Republican and Tory Democratic leaders have but one objective—to knife the President regardless of the effect on the country. We are already witnessing the effects of such exaggerated partisanship in the field of relief. But when carried over into foreign policy, it becomes vastly more serious. Even so popular a measure as the proposed embargo against Japan—which the Gallup poll shows to have the support of nearly three-fourths of the population—is in danger of falling victim to the same scourge. Although the Republican minority in the House issued a strong statement calling for action against Japan, the Pittman-Schwellenbach resolutions are being opposed by the same reactionary coalition which sidetracked the neutrality bill.

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THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN CAPITAL AND labor is not carried on with kid gloves on the Pacific Coast. Employer groups, the Industrial Association of San Francisco, the Associated Farmers, the Associated Chambers of Commerce of Oregon, have been gunning for Harry Bridges since the San Francisco strike of 1934. The Sacramento criminal-syndicalism trials of 1935 showed that some of their agents have not been above the use of stool pigeons, provocateurs, state's evidence, and the frame-up to get what they wanted. We suspect that this is the type of "evidence" now being dished up at the hearings before Special Examiner James M. Landis in San Francisco. For much of this evidence seems to be the same "evidence" on which the late Edward Cahill, United States Immigration Commissioner at San Francisco, had hitherto felt it impossible to begin deportation hearings. The important question, however, is not whether Bridges is or is not a Communist. Employers' organizations want him deported because he has proved himself one of America's ablest and most militant labor leaders. The longshoremen's power would be crippled and organizations of California's farm workers hamstrung if Bridges could be got out of the country. If Bridges is proved a member of the Communist Party, we hope the fight against his deportation will be taken to the Supreme Court, which has yet to decide that membership in the Communist Party is ground for deportation. If membership is disproved—and Bridges denies that he is a member—so much the better in this case. But we should like to see the broader question fought out in the courts. Our present deportation laws have too long been a millstone around the neck of labor.

THE PASSAGE OF THE SOCIAL SECURITY ACT amendments by the Senate—by a vote of 56 to 8—assures the United States of a reasonably adequate protection, beginning next year, against the financial terrors of old age. With a few minor exceptions the provisions of the House bill on old-age insurance were accepted in full. These included a completely new scale of payments with special allowances for widows, orphans, dependent parents, elderly wives, and children. On the question of federal aid to the states, the Senate completely kicked over the traces and adopted two contradictory amendments. The first would have the effect of liberalizing the pension by providing that the federal government contribute two-thirds of the first \$15 per month instead of half as has previously been the rule. It also provided for a federal contribution of as much as \$10 a month additional to match similar contributions by the states. But the value of this amendment was largely nullified by a second, which would deprive the states of all assistance unless they contributed \$10 a month for each person on the old-age rolls out of their own funds. At present only seventeen states pay that much, and many do not pay an average of even \$5 a month of their own money. It is to be hoped that this last change together with several of the Senate's changes in the House recommendations on unemployment insurance will be eliminated in conference.

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WITH THE FORCED EXPULSION OF SOUTH Tyrolese to the Third Reich one of the most unjust and stupid provisions of the Versailles treaty takes a new turn. It is almost twenty years since Wilson, who realized his blunder too late, handed over 230,000 Germans in the South Tyrol to Italy. Of course, at the time, Italy made loud professions of its good intentions. Even Mussolini blew into the trumpet of peace: "... Italy has no designs of violence or denationalization... she will respect their language and customs and accord to them the necessary administrative economy." One and a half years later he had changed his mind: "If the Germans on both sides of the Brenner do not submit, the fascists will bring them to obedience. . . . If the Germans must be beaten and stamped on, in order to learn reason, very well, we are ready. Many Italians are trained for this business." A period of the most ruthless denationalization followed. It was during this period that the supernationalist Hitler, in "Mein Kampf," wrote pleasantly, for Italian consumption:

The question of South Tyrol has been abused in the past by Marxist and Jewish propagandists anxious to embroil Germany with Italy and so prevent that natural alliance by which alone Germany can become strong. It would be a crime to jeopardize this aim for the sake of these 200,000 Germans, when millions elsewhere are

groaning under foreign rule. The restoration of German military power is the essential prerequisite for the recovery of lost territories.

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THIS STATEMENT, IN THE LIGHT OF PRESENT events, is full of implications. And so is the latest Hitler statement concerning South Tyrol. In his speech in Rome on May 7 of last year (after the restoration of German military power) he said: "It is my irrevocable will and my bequest to the German people that the frontier of the Alps, which nature has erected between us, shall be regarded forever as unchangeable." But the old frontier between pre-war Austria and Italy was also an Alpine frontier and an even more natural one because it was almost identical with the language frontier between the Germans and Italians. Does Mussolini wish now to protect himself from possible future Nazi interpretations of this pledge—which was his reward for remaining aloof at the time of the occupation of Austria? Is he trying to move the language frontier, once and for all, northward to the Brenner Pass? And has Hitler acquiesced in return for more important concessions at Trieste?

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NOW THAT THE INEVITABILITY OF WAR between the Western powers and the Axis seems to be generally accepted, the discussion of the issues involved turns to military aspects, especially to the problem of where the fight is likely to start. At the moment Danzig fades out as danger spot number one. Chamberlain is still prepared for appeasement in that quarter. Hitler would not risk a war over Danzig, if only because it might fail to arouse the lasting enthusiasm which, as Hitler himself has explained so convincingly, is necessary to fight a modern war. The encirclement cry does not work because the German people know too well that there will be no war as long as Hitler keeps marching on one spot. These sentiments could be changed overnight if the Western powers could be maneuvered into a situation in which they would be compelled to attack Germany as a consequence of a blow at their power in some remote but vital point, a blow which would not generate in the German people the sense of guilt they felt after the occupation of Prague. In connection with these speculations the news dispatches concerning Trieste and the constant transports of German troops and war materials passing through that port on the way to Lybia pose a new question. What would happen if Germany and Italy were to attack in Africa instead of in Europe? The chances of winning a quick partial success there would be far better; the strategy so successfully applied in Spain could be employed, to be acknowledged only if successful. If the "incident" involved Tunisia or Egypt, the Western powers would have to take the offensive; and Russia would be neutralized.

La Guardia's Police

ON ANOTHER page of this issue is the story of a policeman who tells his prisoner on the way to the station-house: "You people have gone too far and we are going to stop you. . . . When the time comes I'll resign from the force and we'll settle the question our way." The prisoner in the case is an active anti-fascist. The policeman is by his own avowal a would-be storm-trooper, eager and waiting for The Day. The time is not some ominous future; it is 1939. The city is New York. And the prisoner's offense is that he carried a sign quoting from Cardinal Mundelein's repudiation of the political doctrines of Father Coughlin.

The item about the Coughlinite policeman is not the most hair-raising incident recorded in Mr. Wechsler's article, but it effectively poses the problem in words which should be turned against the Coughlins, the Kuhns, and all that infamous crew that has the effrontery to call itself the Christian Front—"You people have gone too far."

A democracy, even one with a fever, can put up with a high quota of crackpots and there is no occasion to go into a dither every time a zany pops up with the Protocols of the Elders of Zion. The army can probably stand a disgruntled and senile general afraid of Jewish poison in the drinking water and we can tolerate in Congress, for one term at any rate, a malevolent clown like the Honorable Jake Thorkelson. But when a group sets out to cultivate a state of war in the streets of our cities and to inflame the police against a whole racial section of the population, the time has come to bring that group to its senses or strip it of every last vestige of power.

When we consider how this is to be done, we find ourselves in the deepest sympathy with Mayor La Guardia and the rest of the city administration. The road is choked with the skeletons of unsuccessful precedents and the shapes of dangerous possibilities. We must not allow the present trend to continue in the name of democracy, and yet democracy itself must not be undermined in its own defense. The dilemma is almost a classic one by this time. The Social Democratic governments of Europe chose to abide by the rules in dealing with forces that gloried in spitting on the rules, and the remains of those governments are now strewn from the Urals to the Alps, from the Baltic to Gibraltar. From this dismal record it would seem plain that in dealing with an unscrupulous opposition the let's-both-be-fair-and-may-the-best-man-win approach is fatal. But this kind of analysis can be dangerously oversimplified. European democracies did not crumble merely because they tried to play cricket with their assassins. Fundamentally they went under because they were economically and socially *in extremis*; but more immediately, they failed because they did not

have the will or the good sense to take even such strong measures against their enemies as were compatible with democratic procedure. We do not believe the time has come when American fascism must be fought in the streets or by autocratic suppression. That would be to play the enemy's game. But we know that such a time will come unless democratic government, acting through legal channels, removes the menace.

The legal apparatus for dealing with Coughlin hoodlums in New York is intact and can easily be put into operation. For the present no new law is needed, and there is always the danger that experimental legislation along these lines might result in suppressions which would open the way for the dictatorial state we most wish to avoid. The fact is that law, whatever its intentions and precise forms, takes its color and its effectiveness from the people who interpret and enforce it. It is the personnel and point of view of a government which determine the extent to which a fascist menace shall be allowed to grow. This is Mayor La Guardia's strength and his salvation. He has police power and he has a police force; let him invoke the power where it needs to be invoked and let him ruthlessly cleanse the force of men whose loyalty lies elsewhere.

The activities of Coughlin's followers in New York have already resulted in street riots, sluggings, stabbings, and intimidation. By the most elementary kind of interpretation, soap-box rantings which evoke cries of "Kill the Jews!" must be considered "inciting to riot." And yet these meetings have not been broken up by La Guardia's police. The mass sale of *Social Justice* to the accompaniment of anti-Semitic slogans and insults hurled at passers-by is likewise "inciting to riot." To some extent this kind of provocation has been toned down in recent weeks but the city officials have not yet concluded that a forcible end to such activity would be a legitimate exercise of police power. (It is not hard to imagine what would happen if the Communists lined 42nd Street with men at intervals of ten feet, all selling the *Daily Worker* and the *New Masses* and shouting "Fascist bastard" or "Dirty Coughlinite" at every individual whose face they didn't like.) Policemen who not only have failed to prevent riots, but who flagrantly fraternize with those who provoke them, continue to walk their beats. Men sworn to uphold the peace brazenly boast of what they will do "when the time comes."

The state of affairs is clear: The Christian Front is engaged in daily battles with the unorganized foes of Coughlin; the police are sworn to the impartial enforcement of the law; simultaneous membership in the Front and on the force is therefore incongruous and intolerable. The Front is not a benevolent or religious fraternity. It is a faction of political violence, whose police members constitute an armed fascist nucleus. As such its members should be purged out of the police department to the

last man. There is no need for us to tell Mayor La Guardia or Commissioner Valentine how to go about that job. They are past masters of the art of switching recreant patrolmen who live in the Bronx to lonely beats in Far Rockaway; demotions are a powerful argument; and there is always expulsion for cause. There is no doubt in the world that under reactionary administrations such procedures are utilized up to the hilt. They must be used now with cause by a liberal administration for the safety of the city.

Business Picks Up

WALL STREET and professional economic prognosticators were taken completely unaware by the improvement in business conditions which started in late June. With an uncanny capacity for guessing absolutely wrong, speculators pushed stock prices downward throughout the entire month. Even in the last week of the month, when favorable business reports began to dot the financial pages, stock prices receded to a new low. Anti-New Deal papers were panning the Administration for destroying confidence by its new program of self-liquidating capital expenditures.

Yet it cannot now be denied that business has improved. The upturn may not be sensational, but instead of the normal summer slump, noticeable gains have occurred. The index of the *Journal of Commerce* for the last week in June was the highest for the year, 27 per cent above the level of the corresponding period of 1938. Electric power production in the pre-holiday week was at its 1939 high. Freight-car loadings have shown a sharp rise. Copper sales and gasoline consumption are at new peaks. Department-store, mail-order, and chain-store sales are doing better than was expected and considerably better than a year ago. Building construction contracts for the past six months have been larger than in any year since 1930. Automobile sales and output took an unexpected spurt at the end of June. Sales for the month were 70 per cent above those of a year ago.

The reasons for the upturn are not difficult to find. Underlying business conditions have been favorable for the past year, but recovery has been retarded by repeated war scares. As contrasted with the first half of 1938, consumer buying power was held up this spring by WPA and other government expenditures. Wage rates have held despite a fairly sharp decline in living costs. Farm purchasing power has been maintained at a high level. Record crops are in prospect for corn and tobacco, while the wheat and cotton output is expected to be well above the average. Although farm prices are low, the bounties recently voted by Congress, against the will of the Administration, promise to boost farm incomes substantially above last year's level. The European armament race has

increased our exports, and our own military expansion program is just beginning to show its effect on production. On top of all this the President's new spending program should have a stimulating effect.

The improvement may be of short duration. Little progress has been made toward eliminating any of the basic factors preventing American recovery. We still have nearly ten million unemployed among us. This past week the excess reserves of the member banks—an index of the amount of idle money—reached an all-time peak of \$4,450,000,000. Little new capital construction is being undertaken. Yet it is encouraging to note that bank loans to industry have risen recently to a new high for the year. And several large, long-term industrial bond issues have been floated within the past few weeks. The principal obstacle to a sustained upturn, of course, is the probability of another major war scare in September. But the fact that improvement can take place despite the international situation is perhaps the most encouraging feature of the present recovery movement.

Chin Up, Mr. Hogan

TWO decisions, one by a Federal District Judge in Chicago, the other by the august New York Court of Appeals, should help—in certain circles—to restore faith in the courts. Frank J. Hogan devoted his address before the American Bar Association to criticizing the Supreme Court, voicing the black despair many of our corporation lawyers have felt ever since our highest tribunal began to disagree with John W. Davis. But if the United States Supreme Court can no longer be depended upon to find that the Founding Fathers were unalterably opposed to minimum wages or unemployment insurance, the fine old pettifogging spirit still lives in our lower and state courts.

Judge Charles E. Woodward's ruling sustaining the demurrers to Thurman Arnold's indictments against the milk trust in Chicago exhibits the traditional ingenuity with which our courts have passed one rich defendant after another through the needle's eye of the anti-trust laws. Forces more tangible than "folklore" block the government's attempt to break up the combination that dominates the milk market in Chicago, as in most of our cities. A demurrer—for the benefit of readers who may not be lawyers—is a plea of "So what?" The defendant argues that even if the acts alleged against him were committed, they did not constitute a breach of the law. Judge Woodward agreed and threw out the indictments. The judicial hand is usually faster than the layman's eye, and it is necessary to watch closely. Judge Woodward ruled that since the Agricultural Marketing Act gave Secretary of Agriculture Wallace power to regulate milk in interstate commerce, the anti-trust laws no longer apply to

milk. We have yet to see a finer specimen of the non-sequitur. For in Chicago milk was being "regulated" by the big milk companies.

There was less sleight-of-hand, more plain old-fashioned judicial disobedience, in the Court of Appeals decision. It involved an anti-injunction law passed in 1935, declared constitutional in 1937, and now—in 1939—"interpreted" into its grave. Though the law explicitly forbids any court to enjoin peaceful picketing, the Court of Appeals upheld an injunction forbidding all picketing in the Busch Jewelry Company strike. The injunction was issued by Salvatore Cotillo, one of New York City's most reactionary anti-labor judges, against a retail clerks' union. The union's pickets were on occasion disorderly and its counsel did not contest Judge Cotillo's power to enjoin and punish for misconduct or abusive statement. The appeal asked that the injunction be modified to allow peaceful picketing. But the Court of Appeals held that where breaches of the peace have occurred or, in the opinion of the judge, *may* occur, all picketing can be enjoined, *in spite of the law*. Here again the law is what the judges say it is, and what the judges are saying is what the American Bar Association would like to hear.

Parade of Dictators

By FRED A. KIRCHWEY

IN THE course of brief visits to Chile, the Argentine, and Brazil last winter I did not meet anyone who mistrusted the good intentions of President Roosevelt or Secretary Hull. The good-neighbor policy was welcomed even by the cynical few who saw in it chiefly a means to important commercial ends; most people accepted it as an honest effort to undo the evil results of generations of domineering and bullyragging. But liberals in each country expressed only bewilderment or bitterness at the promiscuous favors bestowed by a democratic Administration upon the enemies of democracy in our own hemisphere.

The parade of dictators and dictators' representatives to Washington began in a grand way with the visit last winter of Oswaldo Aranha, Foreign Minister of Brazil, who was feted and honored and went off finally with some \$120,000,000 in his pocket. The money is supposed to be used for various praiseworthy ends, such as bailing out American investors who got stuck with bad Brazilian bonds and buying goods from the United States instead of from Germany. What it is actually being used for will, or may, appear at the end of the year. But Mr. Aranha, after his return to Rio, strongly and significantly stressed the fact that no strings were attached.

Next, General Anastasio Somoza, President Dictator of Nicaragua. In direct cash benefits, Aranha came out miles ahead, but Somoza, as the head of a state, won on honors. You remember the General, don't you, from the

good, old pre-Roosevelt days? He fought against Sandino and later, it is generally believed, plotted the cowardly assassination of the radical leader. In 1936, as chief of the National Guard, he engineered a bloody revolt, overthrew his relative, President Sacasa, and himself seized power. He is a true child of dollar-diplomacy; his power rests on his Marine-trained troops; the services of the Nicaraguan bond issues are supervised by the American customs collector. The dictator himself is shrewd, ruthless, and crooked.

When Somoza paid a state visit to Washington in May the parades and receptions were so ostentatious that newspapermen suggested they might be intended as a dress-rehearsal for the reception of the British King and Queen. But Latin America took them at their face value—which was stupendously high. Somoza departed with promises of loans amounting to \$2,500,000.

And now, General Rafael Trujillo, ex-President of the Dominican Republic and still its dictator. Although he is not the official head of the state, his honors have been almost equally lavish. So far no mention of money has appeared in the press. He was received at the State Department and was the President's guest at tea at the White House. A military review was held in his honor. He received a twenty-one gun salute at the World's Fair. He toured West Point, was received by Mayor La Guardia, and attended a dinner in his honor at which Representative Hamilton Fish hailed him as a "builder greater than all the Spanish Conquistadores together."

Unfortunately few people in Latin America know much about Representative Fish but they all know all about General Trujillo. They know that he, too, is a product of pre-Roosevelt diplomacy; and that the rule he established on his part of the island of Hispaniola, supported by another Marine-trained army, became as bloody and oppressive a dictatorship as any in the world, Hitler's included. The crowning feature of his rule was the slaughter in the fall of 1937 of uncounted thousands of helpless Haitian peasants in the border districts of the Dominican Republic. It was charged by newspaper correspondents on the spot and by Haitian officials that Trujillo himself ordered, if he did not personally supervise, the orgy of killing.

The General was nettled when reporters during his present visit questioned him about the affair. "Why bring that up?" he asked. "Everything has been settled amicably." And so it has. The Haitian government accepted \$750,000 in full payment for its thousands of dead citizens, and one of the worst massacres in history has become an incident too trifling to be mentioned to the visiting dictator. But during his stay in the United States Trujillo is being closely guarded against assassination.

The good-neighbor policy was one of the finest creations of the Roosevelt Administration. To honor the butchers and tyrants of this hemisphere in its name is to

pervert and destroy it. No end can justify such tactics and no good end can be served by them. If the Administration really cares for the freedom of the Americas it will turn its attention to the few countries in which freedom survives. These are the countries that really need our friendship and financial support. They face attack from within, and they cannot use the methods of tyrants to hold themselves in power. Chile, in particular, is struggling through a difficult period of reconstruction in the face of constant threats of violent political overturn and the sabotage of the business elements, foreign and domestic. A government like Chile's is a better defense against fascism than many millions of dollars poured into the leaky coffers of crooked dictators. A loan to Chile has been under consideration for many months. Why is it not concluded? Why should Brazil and Nicaragua get loans while Chile has to wait? Above all, what influence in our State Department is responsible for the fantastic idea of granting credits worth \$15,000,000 to the Spanish dictatorship of Franco while struggling democracies in this hemisphere are left to the untender mercies of their own reactionaries?

Correction

IN OUR issue of September 25, 1937, we printed a story by Robert S. Allen commenting on the series of articles then recently published by the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette* under the name of Ray Sprigle, a member of the staff of that newspaper, exposing the membership of Justice Hugo L. Black in the Ku Klux Klan.

Mr. Allen's article charged that the real author of the *Post-Gazette* series was not Ray Sprigle but "Frank Prince, one-time Hearst reporter and now operator of a private detective agency," and also that "it was Prince who dug up the material on which the Black-Klan articles were based."

Paul Block, publisher of the *Post-Gazette*, and Mr. Sprigle have convinced Mr. Allen of the inaccuracy and injustice of these charges. Mr. Allen, although he believed he had secured his information from accurate sources, now appreciates that they were in error and regrets them. *The Nation* likewise regrets the publication of the erroneous information.

Our article seems also to have given the impression that Mr. Block and the *Post-Gazette* were engaged in a "gum-shoe" job on John L. Lewis. We wish to make it clear that no such implication was intended by us or by Mr. Allen and that this statement had no reference to the newspaper or its publisher, and that there is no evidence whatever that either of them was in any way engaged in any such efforts.

With the publication of this statement, all misunderstandings have been corrected and all litigation between the parties has been terminated.

Rescuing the Sweatshop

BY KENNETH G. CRAWFORD

Washington, July 15

WHEN the Administration finally put over the Fair Labor Standards (Wage-Hour) Act of 1938 after a heartbreaking two-year fight against the Tory obstructionists of the House Rules Committee, its accomplishment was hailed by liberals as one of the finest monuments to social justice the New Deal had erected. With the minimum hourly wage for industrial workers fixed at 25 cents and the maximum work week at 44 hours, it seemed reasonable to believe that the sweatshop was gone forever, even though the millennium was not yet at hand. But the sweatshop still flourishes and the modest objectives of the law have not been achieved. The monument, in fact, has begun to crumble.

And now Congress takes sledge hammer in hand to complete the job. With a joyous whoop, the Cox-Smith cabal in the Rules Committee has brushed aside the liberal Labor Committee and is preparing a bill to deprive 1,500,000 workers of the law's protection, such as it is. By the time this report appears in print the House may have passed the destructive amendments sponsored by Representative Graham A. Barden of North Carolina. The Senate will have neither the time nor the inclination to concur at this session, but by next January, at the rate the reaction is running, it may be ready to do so.

The Administration's experience with wage-hour enforcement should put an end to the cherished fiction, invented by Hugh Johnson and given circulation by President Roosevelt, that there is only a negligible fringe of chiselers in business. Elmer Andrews, the Wage-Hour Administrator, also insisted until last week that practically every employer was a good boy. Now the desperate situation in Congress forces him to reveal that he has received some 20,000 complaints of non-compliance and that a cursory examination has shown more than 10,000 of them to be valid on their face.

What Andrews might have added, but didn't, was that the sweatshop industries are paying no attention to the law; that records have been clumsily falsified in scores of factories to cover up substandard wage payments; that workers who dared protest underpayment have been fired and in some cases jailed; that one of the most prominent of the Southern trade associations has advised its members to disregard the law. The tiny force now in the field cannot possibly cope with the tidal wave of non-compliance. So far the inspectors have been no more than an annoyance to the sweatshoppers.

The true state of affairs below the Mason-Dixon line

has been known to Southern Congressmen for months even though Andrews has shielded the general public from disillusionment. But the Dixie statesmen were not satisfied. They wanted to whittle down the law itself. The South, standing alone, never can win a Congressional fight. What the hookworm thinkers finally hit upon was an alliance with the chiselers of the North, who have been fully supported by the Chamber of Commerce and the National Association of Manufacturers. Lobbyists for the canners, packers, truckers, and processors of farm commodities proved willing allies. They, in turn, brought in the farm organizations. Ivan G. McDaniel, counsel to the Agricultural Producers' labor committee, a lobbying affiliate of the Associated Farmers, came to Washington to help form the entente.

Andrews played into the hands of the gang early in the session by recommending certain changes in the law—exemption of country telephone operators and workers getting \$200 a month or more. Chairman Mary Norton's Labor Committee reported the recommended bill and then, realizing that it would become a vehicle for the Associated Farmers' amendments once it got to the floor, tried unsuccessfully to snatch it back. This left the Rules Committee in command of the legislative situation and it is ready to clear the way for consideration of the Barden bill as a substitute for the Norton bill. The Barden amendment, so-called, is an omnibus carrying exemptions for all the interests represented by the allied lobbyists. In addition, it proposes to bring the wage-exemption figure down to \$150 a month. It removes all limitation on hours for about 400,000 office workers, 128,000 packing employees, 120,000 vegetable packers, 160,000 cannery workers, and hundreds of thousands of others engaged in transporting and processing farm commodities. Finally it provides a six-month statute of limitations on workers' complaints—a joker which would make enforcement utterly impossible.

Honors for the wrecking job must be divided. McDaniel deserves some of them. But the boys who did most of the inside work were Barden, Harry B. Coffee, Nebraska Democrat; August H. Andresen, Minnesota Republican, and, of course, those stalwarts, Edward E. Cox of Georgia and Howard W. Smith of Virginia, rulers of the Rules Committee. Speaker William B. Bankhead and Democratic Leader Sam Rayburn, who cooperated with the lobby from the start, deserve buttonhole ribbons at least. Unless Congress goes home soon, the New Deal may well be "compromised" away.

The Coughlin Terror

BY JAMES WECHSLER

FOR six months New York has been somewhat incredulously watching the evolution of an anti-Semitic movement. It is not the polite kind to which most cities are accustomed; its manifestations are angry and violent, it uses the streets as a battleground and it employs all the familiar devices of an ancient crusade. Its spiritual leader is Charles E. Coughlin and its book of revelation is his magazine *Social Justice*.

The disciples make up a grim and humorless array: parochial school students who have suddenly become missionaries, middle-aged men and women who have obviously had very little fun in life, neighborhood toughs who now have lofty motives for rowdiness, elderly women who get hysterical at the drop of an anti-Coughlin phrase, children whose services have been donated by zealous parents. But they are more than stock types of fanaticism. In large measure they are creatures of poverty and disappointment: you can see the frayed white collar, you can sense the unfulfilled dreams and the perennial inadequacy of lower middle-class life. They are clerks who wrap bundles all week, unsuccessful little merchants with large and resentful wives, unemployed workers clutching for some tangible enemy.

Most of them are Catholics; but there is a perceptible, animated sprinkling of German-American Bund members; professional anti-Semites, followers of assorted "patriotic" groups, and unaffiliated crackpots. To the devout the movement offers primarily emotional dividends. To the professionals it is a business with a future. Their list of accomplishments is long if not varied: several stabbings, a multitude of street fights, deepening tension in mixed neighborhoods where clashes have become commonplace. Their numerical strength is almost certainly unimpressive. But by toiling overtime they manage to get around.

Each week the Christian Front, which is Coughlin's chief agency, holds close to thirty open-air meetings in outlying districts and in the heart of Manhattan, attracting crowds as large as 2,000. For thirty consecutive Sundays pickets have trudged up and down in front of Station WMCA because it refused to let Coughlin on the air without seeing his script in advance. On Saturday afternoon *Social Justice* salesmen cluster around Jewish-owned department stores; in the evening pickets parade in front of stores which sponsor WMCA programs. Throughout the week the salesmen are located at strategic, crowded points throughout the city, screaming anti-Semitic slogans when the police don't tone them

down and merely denouncing communism when they are restrained. Intermittently they picket Congressman Sol Bloom's home because his name is linked with the Administration's neutrality bill, Hearst's station WINS because it also refuses to broadcast Coughlin, and anybody else who has momentarily offended the leader. On Sunday afternoon in Times Square police line the sidewalk fifteen feet apart, direct pedestrian traffic, and try to prevent outbreaks while Coughlin (and now anti-Coughlin) salesmen fill the streets. So acute is the tension in the area around Moshulu Parkway that police even patrol the rooftops at night while others encircle the meetings that are in progress below. In midtown Manhattan a "Christian index" of storekeepers had been circulated.

As a direct product of these diverse activities, "incidents"—brawls, beatings, brief but savage fist-fights—have inevitably multiplied. They have been almost uniformly ignored by the press, partly because it fears to tread on Catholic toes and partly because it still believes in the silent treatment for anti-Semitism. It is an open secret that New York *Times* reporters cover clashes of this sort and prepare detailed memoranda. These reports go up to the executive offices, not to the composing room. The *Herald Tribune* and the other metropolitan dailies have been no more generous in their coverage. If you live in an area which hasn't been penetrated yet by Coughlin emissaries, you may know nothing at all of these skirmishes. But some phase of the Coughlin crusade is carried on nearly every day.

From scores of eyewitness reports, affidavits, and direct observation it is possible to reconstruct the pattern of this activity. A picture of sustained terrorism blanketing the city would be a false one. The Coughlin movement is still a "fringe" affair; whatever mass sympathy it has evoked is of a passive sort, largely confined to the Catholic Church. It permeates the rest of the community much more slowly, and its significance at this moment is more potential than actual. But six months of increasing effort have crystallized the major problems which New York has to face. The first is the inescapably violent emotion aroused by Coughlinite propaganda and the succession of violent incidents which have flowed from it. The second is the gradual division of some densely populated neighborhoods into warring camps, creating an atmosphere which will soon be explosive. The third is the uncertain role of a police force overwhelmingly Catholic in membership.

When George Britt, writing in *The Nation* last April, reported the emergence of "poison in the melting pot," the dangers of the concoction were still latent. There had been two stabbings of Jews, but their origins in organized Coughlin activity could be only inferentially traced. There is no longer any ambiguity about the link between anti-Semitic violence and Coughlin propaganda.

THE SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK

This is a street scene on the evening of June 12 at 163rd Street and Amsterdam Avenue. Several hundred spectators jam the sidewalk, most of them wearing Christian Front buttons. A speaker is telling the crowd that "Christians" built America and now "non-Christians" are trying to steal it. He doesn't identify the bogey-men any more plainly; it is always just "non-Christians" or "they"—and "they" never wielded an axe or guided a plow. The subtlety is somewhat labored, but the crowd enjoys it; they've heard it all before. Suddenly there is a melee near the platform. A young girl is asking who "they" are. She doesn't ask for very long, because in a second she is surrounded and she finds herself running a gantlet of a hundred pushing, kicking people. As she gets near the edge of the crowd, two men grab her, throw her down, and pummel her some more. Finally two policemen get through and lead her away. No arrests are made, the speaker resumes his fable, the crowd gets more and more aroused, and there are intermittent cries of "Kill the Jews!" A bystander goes to police headquarters to complain, but the girl, overcome with fright, begs to be left alone.

Two days earlier, Samuel Applebaum, who teaches French at New Utrecht High School, was walking through Union Square on his way to a movie. He was attracted by a restive crowd in front of the Ohrbach store. A little girl was selling *Social Justice*; a man was selling "The Real Father Coughlin," written by an editor of the *New Masses*. A big, conspicuously Irish bystander was taunting the anti-Coughlin salesman: "You don't mean democracy; you mean Jewocracy," he yelled. "We fought in the World War for you Jews. What for?" After that things happened fast. Applebaum reported:

I spoke up and said: "We Jews also fought in the World War." He turned and came toward me menacingly. He started to attack me. We grappled for a while and he threw me to the ground. The crowd stood by while we struggled for a minute. There was no policeman present. I finally managed to get up and started to walk away. Another fellow, also a large Irishman, came up to me and asked if I wanted to fight. I gave him the impression that I didn't want any further disturbance and walked away. Suddenly I noticed that my hand was covered with blood and then for the first time I realized I had been stabbed, evidently some time during the struggle on the sidewalk. The wound was not serious. An Italian was held on a charge of flourishing a knife

and yelling "Down with the Jews!" However, I do not think that he is the man who stabbed me, and I told the police that I couldn't identify the man who was arrested with any degree of certainty. . . .

In each of these cases the victim had been inadvertently drawn into the conflict. The Coughlinites are more systematic in dealing with the organized opposition that has emerged. When an anti-Coughlin monthly called *Equality* appeared, it became in a sense the symbol of the forces with which Coughlinism has to contend. Thousands of copies were quickly sold. Its issuance was followed by publication of special issues of the *Churchman* carrying effective anti-Coughlin material, by distribution of reprints from the *New York Post* and *The Nation*, and the sale of left-wing anti-Coughlin pamphlets. In hounding these salesmen Coughlinites do not distinguish between Jews and Christians; they operate on the more simple hypothesis that anyone who challenges Coughlin is a Jew. On Sunday, May 21, Lawrence Maynard was handing out reprints from the *Post* which revealed deadly parallels between the words of Coughlin and Goebbels. He was standing just a block from WMCA where the weekly picketing was in progress. Suddenly a man named John Dugan walked over to him. Dugan didn't say anything; he just let loose, smashed Maynard in the mouth, and Maynard fell, bleeding and unconscious. Dugan was arrested on a charge of assault. Although unprovoked attacks had occurred before, the circumstances were seldom as clear-cut. The case aroused a good deal of attention because it was hoped that a fairly severe sentence would do much to prevent future brawls. The trial was in Special Sessions. One of the judges cautioned a witness to refer to Coughlin as "Father." Dugan, offering no defense, was praised for his frankness in admitting the attack. He was urged to count thirty before committing a similar offense. Sentence was suspended.

Where the population is sharply divided between Jews and Catholics, recognized trouble zones have developed. The intersection of the Grand Concourse and Fordham Road in the Bronx is an example. It was there that a priest from Fordham University some months ago loudly denounced anti-Coughlin salesmen as "dirty kikes." An observer* who surveyed the area on the evening of May 22 testifies as follows:

At each of the four corners there were venders of *Social Justice*, calling attention to their papers in provocative terms. Passers-by, who seemed to be annoyed by the salesmen's remarks, made counter-comments. These people found themselves embroiled in arguments with individuals other than the salesmen, individuals who seemed to be loitering about for just that purpose. A

* Where affidavits of unnamed observers are used in this article the identity of the witnesses is known to us and held in confidence.
—EDITORS THE NATION.

crowd would form around the arguing crowd. Police would then disperse the crowd. Most people then moved on, but there seemed to be a residual nucleus who continued to loiter and were prominent in a succession of such events. Between eight and nine-fifteen that evening we witnessed six such demonstrations on Fordham Road. Police were present in large numbers but the disturbances continued.

A week later, on the same site, representatives of the American Jewish Congress started the sale of an anti-Coughlin pamphlet. As soon as they arrived *Social Justice* vendors took up such chants as "Rabbi Wise is a charter member of the Communist Party." In the words of one anti-Coughlin salesman:

Repeatedly someone posing as a passer-by would stop and make provocative remarks in an obvious attempt to draw our men into a fight. Several times big, burly men approached me and used filthy language concerning Jews, in an undertone, in an apparent effort to say something which would constitute a reason for starting a fight. . . .

RABBLE-ROUSING

The Transport Workers Union called an open-air meeting for June 16 at 138th Street and Willis Avenue in the Bronx, a Coughlin stronghold. The union, with a large Catholic membership, is led by Michael Quill, a Catholic who is avowedly anti-Coughlin. The advance notices said that the meeting would discuss labor legislation. As the crowd gathered, Christian Front buttons began to appear. When Quill arose there was a restless surge, booing, hissing, heckling. Suddenly two broken milk bottles flew out of the crowd of 1,500. They missed Quill's head but precipitated a stampede. People tried to rush from the block, the police were powerless to restore order, and a large-scale conflict was barely averted. Somehow Quill managed to restore a semblance of order and keep the meeting going. The outbursts continued for a while, then slowly subsided. As if at another signal, a large section of the crowd filed to another corner and a Christian Front meeting was launched. There an anonymous speaker offered at five-minute intervals to die for Hitler, Franco, and Mussolini, denounced the Jews, Michael Quill, and the "little red boy" at City Hall, and concluded with the promise that there would be no "hooked noses" allowed at future meetings.

Christian Front meetings are generally unsafe for any person who looks Jewish. A well-known Jewish attorney who has handled numerous cases involving anti-Coughlin salesmen, attended a Christian Front meeting as an observer on the night of June 17. This one was at 153rd Street and Third Avenue, another favorite Coughlin meeting-place, and the crowd was predominantly Irish. The speaker said that the Front couldn't be against Communists alone, because there aren't enough of them; it is against "all Jews and internationalists." His epithets were pretty picturesque and he got a rousing hand. When

someone in the crowd discovered the attorney, accompanied by his wife, the spotlight shifted quickly. He reports:

A group of Coughlinites surrounded me and started using abusive language. They wanted to know what the hell the Jews were doing at that meeting and decided it would be a good idea to beat them up. They were also saying they would beat up Rabbi Wise if he were there. The situation became dangerous and I walked away with my wife from the meeting. A few of the Coughlinites followed me for several blocks. I therefore boarded a trolley and lost them. . . .

Just a week later there was another flare-up at the same place. As the Christian Front meeting progressed, two men carrying placards which advertised the film



Charles E. Coughlin

"Confessions of a Nazi Spy" appeared on the block. The crowd, invariably resenting an affront to Hitler almost as much as to Coughlin, responded promptly. The men were surrounded and a melee seemed inevitable, but the police intervened and led the two men away before any blows were struck. It was at the same meeting that a speaker, introduced somewhat ambiguously as "the guy from Long Island," boasted to the crowd:

Out in Queens we are organizing an army of 10,000 men and my only purpose in coming here tonight is to recruit fighting Christians for that army. . . .

He claimed that he had recruited 82 men at the previous meeting and 150 at the one before, and announced that his agents would circulate among the audience enlisting volunteers, who would later be visited privately to ascer-

tain their reliability. This projected "army" is reported to be under investigation now. Like many of the most fiery Coughlin threats, the "army" may consist of ten men without a horse.

ANCIENT STRATAGEMS

It is a fascist axiom that old women and little children can be as useful as political Al Capones. The Coughlinites use them because they can create a maximum of disorder with a minimum danger of reprisal. An observer who watched the WMCA picket line on Sunday, May 21, reported that

the line broke up at about 3:40 and most of the group began making its way slowly down Broadway in the direction of Times Square. I noticed a man and a woman with a young child walking north on the curb side of the picketing group. Just before they arrived abreast of me an elderly woman broke away from the crowd and threw herself upon the man, yelling "dirty Jew." In the scuffle the man lost his glasses and was clawed in the face by the woman's finger nails. Upon being shaken off by the man the female picketer assaulted the woman of the couple, tearing off her hat, saying something about "filthy Jewish prostitutes." A number of patrolmen arrived at this point and separated them. Before I could learn what had been done with the assailant, an inspector pulled me out of the crowd surrounding the couple and pushed me against the building line. By the time I was able to make my way back to the man and woman, the assailant had disappeared. . . . It was quite clear that the assailant was not arrested (although she had been pulled out of the crowd) because I identified her, less than twenty minutes later, selling *Social Justice* on 42nd Street.

Coughlin's female contingent has recently developed a new device. On several occasions a salesman of *Equality* has been suddenly surrounded by two or three women, one of whom yells "The Jew spit on her!" Another plays the injured victim, whose companions sympathize with her and continue to abuse the salesman. While a crowd gathers to watch the act, the salesman vainly protests his innocence. When a policeman approaches, the women abruptly finish their routine and disappear.

A slight variation is worked with children. In midtown New York a little boy selling *Social Justice* starts to weep pitifully. Bystanders come up to him and ask him what's wrong. "A big Jew hit me," he cries. A crowd collects and women try to soothe the child. An observer who once watched this performance decided to remain on the scene for a while. Nearly an hour later the same boy reappeared and proceeded to cry loudly. Again a crowd gathered. "A big Jew hit me," sobbed the little boy. Like confidence-game devices which are handed down from one generation to another, these Coughlin techniques are old. They have been tried in other countries with impressive results, and only the embellishments are peculiar to this time and city.

Before *Equality* and other anti-Coughlin literature appeared on the streets, clashes followed a simple formula. *Social Justice* salesmen poured out a stream of anti-Semitic slogans: "Read the Truth About the Jews," "This is a Christian Country," etc., the language frequently being a good deal more provocative. It became evident at once to any observer that they were more interested in shouting their slogans than in selling their papers. While few copies were purchased, the sheer repetition of "big lies" was expected to leave its mark. It was also intended to provoke the kind of recurrent disorders which project the "Jewish question" into popular consciousness. And it worked. Passers-by became aroused, got into altercations with the salesmen, and, as frequently as not, a group of Coughlinites standing by would pitch in. On April 20 a man named Thomas Maloney, who was dismissed from his job a year ago for distributing anti-Semitic leaflets to fellow-employees, called a girl, who happened to be passing by, a "Jew bastard." Nathan Smulin, also a passer-by, seized one of Maloney's papers and slapped him with it. Maloney grabbed Smulin, tore his coat, and yelled for a policeman. Smulin was taken before Magistrate Burke, who added malicious mischief to the charge of simple assault and held Smulin in \$2,000 bail. On May 6 *Social Justice* was being sold in front of Erasmus Hall High School in Brooklyn. A public school teacher, Mrs. Frances Cohen, lost her temper and started to argue with the salesman. "Here's a Communist, send her back to Russia, she's only a worm!" the Coughlinites shouted. A crowd began to jostle her, fighting broke out, and the proprietor of a near-by store ran to her aid. The Coughlinites shifted their attention to him with cries of "Lynch the Jew!" and persuaded the police to arrest him. No attempt was made to arrest a Coughlinite until Mrs. Cohen insisted.

When anti-Coughlin material came out, the situation grew more complex. For one thing, the possibility of direct conflict was enhanced. Further, the impartiality of the police—in assigning places, in keeping order, and in making arrests—was put to a stern test, and the results have not always been reassuring. Not that discrimination is in any sense universal. Some policemen have handled tense and difficult situations with amazing skill. But discrimination has taken place; often it is more subtle than overt and in large measure it stems from the character of the force. For there are 12,000 Irish Catholic policemen in New York. The speeches delivered at their communion breakfasts often differ in intensity rather than in kind from Coughlin propaganda. The *Tablet*, organ of the Brooklyn Diocese, is frequently anti-Semitic in tone and prints the full text of Coughlin's addresses each week. It is sometimes sold by the same men who sell *Social Justice*. No important spokesman of the church in this area has yet challenged Coughlin.

THE PROBLEM OF THE POLICE

The police discrimination which occurs assumes diverse forms. The most commonplace is probably the least spectacular: the fraternal attitude manifested by the police toward the Coughlinites. On several occasions observers have seen policemen preserve the posts of *Social Justice* salesmen until they returned from lunch, barring anti-Coughlin venders who try to step in. In some cases police have even held magazine bundles for the Coughlin salesmen. Traditionally, New York police have displayed an occupational allergy to pickets and picket lines, but Coughlin pickets are different. The more sympathetic police frequently converse with them behind their hands, joke in subdued tones, and display an authentically fraternal interest in their activities. This familiarity must be contrasted with the fact that there are some areas which *Equality* salesmen refuse to enter because they fear violence and are uncertain whether the police will protect them.

On May 17 Adeline Schecter was arrested at 42nd Street and 7th Avenue because she carried a sign quoting Cardinal Mundelein's repudiation of Coughlin; on the same day Eugene McCloskey was arrested in front of Namm's department store for carrying signs which quoted the Pope's attack on racism. In the immediate vicinity of both arrests Coughlinites shouting anti-Semitic slogans were unmolested by the police. Ten days later David Grant was arrested in Brooklyn, also for carrying a sign which quoted Mundelein on Coughlin. Grant testifies that, on the way to the police station, a policeman* told him: "Do you know that if someone from Father Coughlin's saw that sign they would have you arrested for criminal libel? Cardinal Mundelein never said anything like that. You people have gone too far and we are going to stop you. We have 30,000 men, and when the time comes I'll resign from the force and we'll settle the question our way." Another observer testifies that on the same day he walked over to a policeman,* pointed to the placards of the Coughlin pickets, and asked what the policeman thought of them. Assured that his questioner was not Jewish, the patrolman replied: "It's lucky you're not; the Jews are taking over everything." He then boasted that there are 6,000 police enrolled in the Christian Front. This figure, which would be staggering if confirmed, may well represent fantasy rather than fact. The policeman complained that "only Jews are getting promotions on the police force" (although the Police Commissioner is a Catholic). In the same month an American Jewish Congress official telephoned a lieutenant at a Bronx station to inform him that the Congress was planning a leaflet distribution that night. "Oh, you're going to make trouble; well, we know how to take care of you," the lieutenant retorted.

* The shield number of this policeman was noted by observers and is available.—EDITORS THE NATION.

In March a man named J. Edward Silver was arrested on the complaint of a throng of Coughlinites; he had been in a fight with boys selling *Social Justice* in the subway. At police headquarters, he asserts, he tried to tell his story but the lieutenant said: "They ought to send you all back to Russia." When Magistrate Brill heard the case, she rebuked the police for not arresting the Coughlinite youths and herself had the boys remanded to children's court. Shortly afterward, Silver received several vituperative anti-Semitic letters and subsequently several men visited the switchboard operator at his home, ostensibly to "get some facts about him because he's trying to take out insurance."

Perhaps the most flagrant instance of police misbehavior occurred on July 6 at 116th Street and Rockaway Boulevard in Rockaway Park. *Social Justice* has been sold for months in that area, which is relatively strong Christian Front territory. On that night Solbert Bodener started to sell *Equality* for the first time in this neighborhood. As the evening wore on youthful Coughlinites assembled around him. There were two policemen standing near by. One of the Coughlinites grabbed Bodener's magazines and threw them to the ground. As he stooped to pick them up he was kicked in the head. An eyewitness tried to get one of the policemen to intervene, but without success. Other observers testify that while Bodener lay sprawled on the ground, one of the policemen struck him on the head with his club. Bodener suffered a fractured skull. On the basis of eyewitness affidavits efforts are under way to bring action against the policeman who took part in the attack and the other two who stood by. Less than two weeks before this incident occurred, Police Commissioner Valentine had warned the police force against discriminatory practices in handling street sales.

Undoubtedly these instances of police discrimination, whether manifested in fraternization with Coughlinites or assaults on their foes, must be contrasted with numerous illustrations of effective police work, by Catholics and non-Catholics alike. There is no evidence at hand for a blanket indictment. But police camaraderie with the Coughlinites is common enough to give promise of large-scale trouble if the Coughlin technique progresses to a more advanced stage.

This report has dealt almost exclusively with the spread of what can be legitimately identified as the Coughlin movement. It is Coughlin's personality, Coughlin's speeches, and Coughlin's propaganda which have unified anti-Semitism in New York. But the Coughlin camp following, centered as it is in the Catholic population, extends beyond church parishes. The German-American Bund provides its most talented organizational minds; the Protestant War Veterans, the American Nationalists, the Crusaders for Americanism, and the Christian Labor Front (with its base among Irish Catholic

transport workers) are all sources, in varying degree, of man power for the street-fighting patrols. All of these, in turn, are loosely united in the Christian Front, which is both the "united front" and the dynamic core of the movement. It calls the mass meetings, floods the city with leaflets, and rallies the crowds under its own signature. While the constituent (and independent) bodies try to assert their individuality, the Front has become popularly identified with Coughlin. Some months ago Allen Zoll, who conceived the WMCA picket line (and was recently arrested for trying to extort \$7,500 for calling it off), wrote a letter to the New York Bund paper thanking Kuhn for his help in organizing the pickets. At Bund meetings *Social Justice* is widely sold and Coughlin's name ecstatically cheered, and some street-corner salesmen complement their stocks of *Social Justice* with copies of Pelley's *Liberation*, the *Tablet*, and the *Deutsche Weckruf*.

Beyond these street squads there is a "respectable" wing of the movement whose members remain hidden in Wall Street offices and Park Avenue homes. To these

followers organizations like the Women's Association Against Communism, the American Patriots, Inc., and the American Defense League offer the emotional equivalent of street riots. On the streets Coughlinism promises to liberate the masses from Wall Street domination; to Wall Street brokers it promises freedom from "Jew taxation." The continuity is preserved through leaders like Zoll who skip back and forth between picket line and parlor.

New York's experience with Coughlinism has visible national significance. The city has become a laboratory for carefully developed fascist experimentation, nourished by the heterogeneous character of its population and by the timidity of press and public officials. Ultimately, however, the problem is national. What the rest of the country can learn from contemporary New York is the failure of the silent treatment. For silence has merely encouraged rumors, half-truths, and bizarre reports which create a panic among Coughlin's foes almost as deadly as the hysteria which obsesses his followers. What is needed is swift official attention.

America and Europe

BY LOUIS FISCHER

IN BOTH Germany and Italy fascism began as an attempt to cure the ills of those countries by internal change, not by foreign expansion. Hitler and Mussolini set out to attain autarchy or national self-sufficiency by means of the highest possible economic development at home. In "Mein Kampf" Hitler scoffed at the value of colonies to Germany. A strong Germany, of course, would want more territory, and Hitler named Austria and the Ukraine as desirable acquisitions. But fascism was to be an alternative to communist economy and a vast improvement on orthodox capitalism. It boasted that it would do things better than America, England, France, and Russia. Has it? Stealing territories is no innovation in modern civilization, but even the stolen territories have solved no material problems, perhaps instead created some. The Nazis and Fascists now assert that they must further expand in order to live, but their cries that they are "have-not" nations are as specious and insincere as their earlier advocacy of self-determination.

The fascists' insistence on foreign aggrandizement as their only escape is an avowal of domestic failure. Fascism has no claim at all to being a successful rival economic system. The *Volkswirt* writes: "Large sections of the so-called middle class are living from hand to mouth, in a manner which is almost critical." Germany's food problem is further than ever from solution. According to the official Nazi Institute of Business Research, the

shortage of butter and other fats is now 50 per cent of total requirements, and of fodder, which is essential to the production of fats, 26 per cent. The area under cultivation has decreased since Hitler came into power. There is no unemployment in Germany today, and in Italy, because millions of men are unproductively employed in the army and in government bureaus, and because more millions are wastefully employed making bombers, guns, gas, tanks, rifles, etc. At the same time, both countries are exhausting their national capital by converting useful metals and other materials, plant equipment, frequently unrenewed, and man power (ground under a sixty-hour week) into armaments which are economically a dead loss. Fascism has not fundamentally or permanently solved a single German or Italian economic difficulty. Both countries have really been at war since 1935. Their economies are war economies and as such are as socialistic in intent as most of the measures which the United States adopted in 1917-18. That was not much. The only socialism in fascist states is anti-Semitism. Karl Marx once said that "anti-Semitism is the socialism of fools." By that criterion Germany is very socialistic, but by no other. If fascism faced us merely as a new economic system it would warrant little interest or concern. Its challenge is as a brutal force which wages war and suppresses small nations.

By comparison, the Soviet regime is a far more arrest-

ing development. The Soviet Union has demonstrated that an economy from which private capitalism has been eliminated can build up a country and produce on a large scale. The collectivization of agriculture, moreover, is the first change in the form of land tenure and of farm cultivation since the French Revolution transformed the serf into a peasant or farmer, and the Russian collective farm, perhaps Stalin's greatest contribution to the Bolshevik revolution, constitutes a tremendous challenge to the impoverished village economies of eastern and central Europe. These things are of epochal importance.



Drawing by Georges Schreiber
Prime Minister Chamberlain

On the other hand, Soviet production for the daily use of the population is woefully inadequate. The flow of consumers' goods is irregular, and has shown no tendency to satisfy the nation's requirements. Above all, the Soviet government's significant economic and social progress and the successful defense of its territories in a hostile environment have been accompanied by great restrictions on the liberties of man and on intellectual and artistic freedom. These restrictions, far from being relaxed in accordance with the promise of the 1936 Constitution and as domestic stability and invulnerability against foreign attack grew, have actually been tightened.

These aspects of the world situation, and especially the emergence of militant fascism, have radically altered our sense of values and shifted the emphasis on political objectives. Those who once said: "Yes, there is freedom of the press but . . .," those who daily argued the weaknesses of democratic regimes, have been educated by bitter events. The operations of dictatorships have taught anti-capitalists and leftists to treasure freedom above everything. Without civil rights there is no economic security even when unemployment has disappeared. The dictatorships have made us love democracy more.

In like manner, no anti-capitalist party or group of any influence today has a realistic program which goes beyond an attempt to mitigate some of the evils of capitalism. The left has accepted reformism.

Fascist aggression has also rallied the left to the ignoble territorial status quo throughout the world. Fascism has reconciled anti-fascists to the bourgeois imperialism which they abhor. For if the British and French empires, whose methods no decent person can condone, were broken up, the pieces would be attached to the three fascist aggressors, who could then defy and dominate the earth. Medieval barbarism would reign supreme.

The left is on the defensive and is ready to ally itself with orthodox capitalism and the old imperialism against the far more vicious forms of fascist capitalism and fascist imperialism. The fact that at just such a time the economic royalists and rightists here and elsewhere should display an accession of class consciousness and attack all reformers left of center as "communist," "Jews," and "radicals" proves that their red-baiting is dishonest. It is really designed to justify a sinister advance toward reaction, religious intolerance, and racial hates. Reactionary red-baiting is the false face of fascism. The capitalists will not save themselves, they will ruin themselves by such folly.

Mark Sullivan and others of the same sort think that by repetition they prove the thesis that fascism arises as a reply to the threat of communism. This is nonsense. In Italy, the communist effort to dominate the factories had been suppressed long before Mussolini made his bid for power. In Germany, the Communists were hopelessly in the minority and always lacked the force to seize the government or enough influence to penetrate it by acquiescence. What better evidence of the weakness of the Socialists and Communists in Germany and Italy can one ask than the known fact that they offered not the slightest resistance to Hitler's and Mussolini's introduction into office? Hitler did not "seize" power, and there was never a "march on Rome." The reactionaries peacefully presented the fascists with the reins of government.

Europe's experience must be a warning to the United States. (Dictatorships came to Italy and Germany not when strong executives were in office, but rather when hopelessly divided parliaments hampered lamentably weak executives and crushed all popular faith in the effectiveness of democracy.) These executives, hiding behind a communist smoke screen, then made a deal with the fascists. World capitalism apparently has reached a stage of development where it requires state intercession. Many features of the New Deal would be retained even if the worst anti-New Dealers came into office. Those who criticize the New Deal for intervention in business should beware of the alternative, which is more intervention. The New Deal faces enormous problems and obstacles, but it has had one brilliant success: it has achieved considerable federal control of and participation in economic activities without any setback to civil liberties. If the present degree of government aid to recovery can be maintained or even increased without any greater infringement of the rights of man, then America will not be menaced by fascism. Better labor organization and a fuller realization of the noxious character of fascism can offset the tendency of an economically more active state to encroach on the prerogatives of the individual.

Fascism has nothing to offer economically or socially or politically. It would also have been a complete fail-

ure in its foreign policy but for the indecision, the cowardice, and, what is most reprehensible, the sympathy of the non-aggressors. From September, 1931, when the Japanese marched into Manchuria, to 1935, when the Italians seized Ethiopia, to the remilitarization of the Rhineland in March, 1936, to the tragic destruction of the Spanish republic beginning July, 1936, to the loss of Sudetenland in September, 1938—in each of these instances of fascist aggression the democracies, including in some cases our own, helped the aggressors. And in no single instance did the democracies help the victim of aggression. If there is another world war—fortunately it is still “if”—the fascist governments of Germany, Italy, and Japan will launch it. But the war guilt will be more evenly distributed. It will be shared by the democratic governments, by the dominant British and French political parties and the forces behind them, by parliaments and by free newspapers. Every friend of appeasement, every partisan of Chamberlain and Daladier, every advocate of Franco in Europe, Latin America, and the United States has contributed to the circumstances which conduce to world war today.

It was not necessary to yield to the aggressors. The fascist nations are weak. In Abyssinia and Albania the Italians conquered poorly armed, backward peoples. The Spanish republic, badly organized, unarmed, caught unaware by the revolt of the disloyal generals, was able to hold out for almost three years against the efforts of the Spanish, German, and Italian fascists. Japan has not subdued the Chinese. The so-called anti-Comintern triangle—Germany, Italy, and Japan, and its satellites (Hungary and Spain, with perhaps Yugoslavia lagging behind)—could not win a world war if the non-aggressor states were united. The strength of Germany, Italy, and Japan has been sapped by fascist industrial methods, by years of arming, by wars and unprofitable conquests. The fascists accordingly have sought to avoid war with major powers. Appeasement was their fool-sent opportunity. It encouraged them to fight battles by blackmail, arrogance, and propaganda.

When serious observers encounter a new political or social phenomenon they seek to ascertain its deeper economic causes. I would be the last person to neglect economic determinism and social analysis, but I think it is necessary to make a plea for more attention to superficial factors artificially introduced by outside forces. The upsurge of anti-Semitism in the United States, for instance, is being attributed to the depression. Yet we have had slumps before, and the Jews were not made the scapegoats. As recently as 1933 the bankers were blamed for our woes, and nothing was so popular in lectures or articles as to gibe at Charley Mitchell and J. P. Morgan. Now Father Coughlin has performed a service to the bankers by just making a little twist and saying, “Jewish

international bankers.” This country and many others are being flooded with German, Italian, and Japanese propaganda money and by spies whose least crime is the collection of secret information. Attorney General Murphy the other day spoke about the vast increase of sabotage in American military establishments. The German Bund and several American fascist organizations receive their direct inspiration and probably their funds from Germany, others from Italy. They would, perhaps, be worthy only of our contempt but for the fact that certain highly influential elements of the Roman Catholic Church have joined their cause to what will be their own detriment in the end, for when you release religious intolerance in a country so temperamental as the United States, it does not stop short at one religious minority. In France, the Catholic Church, under the liberal influence of the Benedictines, has had the good sense to urge legislation, now enacted, penalizing agitation which nurtures racial and religious hates.

Foreign pressure has recently created several situations which had no roots and no justification in national conditions. Italy never had had a Jewish problem; Mussolini boasted of it publicly. But under Hitler's dictation, Italy made anti-Semitism its official policy. Spain in 1936 was plodding along slowly toward mild reforms under a temperate, lethargic government. There was no compelling internal reason for violent revolt. But Germany and Italy coveted Spain's minerals and, more, her strategic positions. Documents seized in Barcelona after the civil war commenced, and published under the title “Nazi Conspiracy in Spain,” prove that the Fritz Kuhns, aided by German officials, were feverishly active in Spain long before Franco rose, stirring up social discontent, provoking brawls and murders, and sowing the bitterness which burst into full bloom in the bloody war that followed.

But the most astounding illustration of the efficacy of foreign propaganda and foreign blackmail is Czechoslovakia. For there the life of a delightful and progressive nation was snuffed out by lies and speeches and Nazi insolence, not by German military might nor by the threat of 10,000 airplanes bombing London and Paris. Today we know that the 10,000 planes were an invention. The fascist press revealed it—after the Munich crisis—with malicious delight in having deceived the democracies. An Italian aviation expert, Signor Mario Muratori, wrote in the official



Drawing by Bert Hayden
Josef Stalin

Roman *L'Ala d'Italia* that the front-line strength of the German air force was 3,000 and would be 6,000 in 1940-41. This was republished on October 25, 1938, in the Essen *National Zeitung*, the organ of Field Marshal Göring. Leading Nazis have admitted that Germany was in a quandary. As late as June 14, 1939, Propaganda Minister Joseph Goebbels referred again, as he had in October, 1938, to the pacifist sentiments of the German public. Last summer, he said, German intellectuals "constantly nagged and criticized" the Nazi course of action in dealing with Czechoslovakia. "What would have happened," Goebbels quoted the intellectuals as saying, "if Chamberlain had not come to Munich?" What is the implication of this question? That if Chamberlain had not come to Germany it would have been in a fix, for it could not have gone to war. How did Goebbels answer? Not that Germany would have fought and won. No. Goebbels asserted that "Chamberlain came because he had to come. He came because we had him cornered. He was—to use a chess term—in check." The blackmail, the arrogance, the lying propaganda about 10,000 planes had worked. Much later Goebbels boasted that "we made the Reich by propaganda." Czechoslovakia did not have to die. Nor did the Spanish republic have to die.

We are today approaching another major international crisis reminiscent of September, 1938. The Japanese-British tension in China and events in Poland and Slovakia and Hungary are ominous. We may witness a new example of the technique of the anti-Comintern nations which consists in smoothing the path to one another's aggressions. If Spain had been saved in 1937, Czechoslovakia would have been in little danger, and contrariwise, the fate of Spain was sealed when Czechoslovakia's throat was cut at Munich. While the non-aggressors are occupied with a threatened drive by one of the fascist powers, a second will stir up trouble in another quarter of the globe, and thus prevent the concentration of restraining influence against any single offender. The combination of a German push into Hungary or Poland, or both, and of violent Japanese action against the foreign powers in China might conceivably paralyze democratic resistance and give the totalitarians another bloodless victory. Salvation lies in unity and firmness.

Since the complete disappearance of Czechoslovakia as an organized state, the British and French governments have taken to heart one truth which they should have known long ago—that the anti-Comintern bloc was not aimed against the Comintern, nor even against the Soviet Union, but against them, against England and France. In consequence, a tremendous change has taken place in those countries both in respect to military preparedness and psychological readiness to defend their national interests. The British guaranties to protect Poland, Rumania,

and Greece from attack are unprecedented, and break every British tradition. Now they must take another step—the alliance with Russia—for without that the other guaranties are worth much less. In all these ugly years of unnecessary surrender to the rapacious fascists, the U. S. S. R. has been the most effective—perhaps the only effective—anti-fascist great power.

There is a strong current of isolationism in the Soviet Union. Domestic changes, the alteration in the map of Europe following the Nazi absorption of Czechoslovakia, and disgust with the Anglo-French surrender in Spain and Czechoslovakia, have reinforced the Soviet trend toward isolation. If England and France, after they themselves undermined their own position by seven years of appeasement, now want Soviet help—they yelled when it went to the Loyalists—they will have to pay for it dearly. Moscow would like to enter the next major war in the "1917" stage and determine the outcome of the conflict. Russia in this sense is the United States of Europe. Should France and England want it in earlier, they will be asked to commit themselves more than they have to a policy of checking aggression wherever it lifts its head. Moreover, the Bolsheviks are firmly resolved to remain aloof until the Western powers are actually at war, for their greatest dread is to be maneuvered into a war with Germany or Japan while England and France watch in "benevolent neutrality." At the same time, however, Stalin knows that he must safeguard the British and French empires lest fascism become too strong to cope with. He tried to do it in Spain, but those very British and French governments, lacking his foresight, did not let him. The Russians are torn between the wisdom of isolation and the necessity of cooperation. The British government is torn between its passionate dislike of the Bolsheviks and the imperative need of another mighty ally. Hence the protracted and opaque course of the pact negotiations.

If Russia stays out, the responsibilities of the United States will be greater. The United States is in the same position as Russia. We have to save the British and French empires from defeat. That is why we went in in 1917—we would have gone in even if Morgan had given no loans to the Allies—and we will be in again for the same selfish reason. The later the Russians join, the sooner we shall be forced to hold up the hands of the British and French. If we and the Russians and the British took a common line in the Far East, Japan would be less dangerous and less arrogant. The aggressors fear a union of non-aggressors more than anything else.

Every time the non-aggressors have showed determination to resist, the aggressors have recoiled. At the Nyon conference in September, 1937, England, France, Russia, and the smaller powers succeeded in stopping the sinking of ships in the Mediterranean by "unknown" Italian submarines. On May 20, 1938, the Germans were poised to

march into Czechoslovakia. The British embassy in Berlin had sent away its women and children and packed its bags. The Czechs thereupon mobilized overnight, and the Nazis did not move until months later, when they were sure of Anglo-French sabotage of the Czechoslovak cause. More recently, Polish mobilization and stubbornness have kept Hitler still—for the moment—even though the killing of several Germans in Danzig could easily have been used as an excuse for an attack. The bully is often a coward.

War is not inevitable. It can be avoided by economic action, and by diplomacy based on power. There is, in the present situation, a pitfall for our own diplomacy. Whenever a war threatens, it is the natural and altogether understandable tendency of the United States government to intervene with a suggestion for a conference to adjudicate differences. We did it in September, 1938, and thereby became an unwitting party to the vivisection of Czechoslovakia at the Munich conference. The President's message to Hitler in May was more adroit, for although cabled to Berlin and urging an international conference for peaceful adjustment, it was so worded as to invite the refusal it fortunately got. In truth, it was addressed to Chamberlain and Daladier to stiffen their weak spines, and it did that. In the impending international crisis, Washington must refrain from appealing for a conference. Any conference will give something to the side that has made a demand. The demand may be whittled down, but the fascists will get something out of it, and that is what they want. They will take it and ask for more. The call for a conference will convince them that appeasement is not dead, that they can still squeeze concessions out of the peaceful nations. Their pressure, their propaganda, their blackmail, will then be repeated. Hitler does not believe that Chamberlain has dropped appeasement. He does not believe that the British will fight for Danzig or Poland. He is sure he can re-create the tense atmosphere of August-September, 1938, and frighten the enemy into another surrender.

Conditions abroad are harrowing. Europe lives under terrific mental tension and nervous fear. It is no fun for mothers to fit their babies for gas masks, and for families to spread sand on their roofs against the incendiary bomb which may come in the night. Why should youth prepare seriously for a professional career or get married or have children in such circumstances? Why invest in normal business?

It is later than many of us would like to believe. And yet, peace and democracy are not lost. Fascism in Europe faces a dilemma. If the fascist powers go to war they will be defeated. If they abstain from war they will enter a debilitating period of internal adjustment and unrest. Meanwhile, economic difficulties are reducing their fighting strength, and, ominously, their ability to wait in uncertainty.

In the Wind

AS DIPLOMATIC tension rises, London air is thick with unverified stories. The most significant, reported by *Time and Tide*, is that Sir Neville Henderson, ambassador to Berlin, is deluging Chamberlain with tales of internal unrest in Germany and warnings that Hitler "will go under"—and bolshevism triumph—unless "something is done by Britain" to save him.

PRENTICE-HALL, INC., a publishing house, is circularizing employers with a detailed blurb for a book called "Music in Business." According to the publishers, the book tells employers how to use music in their plants or offices, describes the wonders it will work on listless employees, and the varied reactions to different records. The device is said to be in wide use already and to have a notable record of achievement. The publisher boasts that one "strike was broken before it started" through the use of just the right music.

THERE ARE a lot of red faces among Los Angeles policemen as the result of a belated disclosure about the 1934 civil service promotion exam. It was a true-false test, and certain "pet" policemen were secretly given the "key" to the answers. They were told that all questions whose number ended in 1, 4, 5, or 7 were to be marked false. But the printer made an error on question 147, which should have run this way: "A handwriting expert is not useful in cases of forgery." The "not" was omitted. About twenty policemen who had the "key" marked it false anyway.

GRAPES OF WRATH: "Pima County supervisors today heard officials of the two largest cotton plantations in the county asking for police protection in their cotton pickers' camps. . . . Each described the transient worker he is forced to employ to harvest cotton as the type, on the average, of person over which law enforcement scrutiny is necessary." From the Tucson (Arizona) *Daily Citizen*, June 28.

WITH 1940 talk filling the air, a Western editor has thrown cold water on a lot of candidacies. He's come up with the reminder that every President since 1840 who was elected in a year ending in zero has died in office: Harrison, Lincoln, Garfield, McKinley, Harding.

RELIEF CLIENTS in South Pasadena, California, have received a grim set of suggestions from the local relief office. The document is a detailed explanation of how to transform the pickings from garbage cans into "nourishing" food.

THE CURRENT volume of the *Statistisches Jahrbuch für das Deutsche Reich* lists the former German colonies as "German Protectorates Under Mandate Administration." Previous volumes listed these territories as mandates of Great Britain, France, Belgium, and Japan.

[We invite our readers to submit material for *In the Wind*—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of \$5 will be awarded each month for the best item.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

WHATEVER may be the outcome of the battle in Congress over the neutrality question, it seems as if we might all rejoice in the independence displayed by Congress in dealing with this issue. I know that here I am touching on a difficult subject. On the one hand there is the belief that if a President and his party are to accomplish anything there must be party acceptance of the President's program and policies; on the other hand is the demand that the legislator shall not subordinate his conscience and his own beliefs to the will of the party leader. Where the happy medium lies is always a parliamentary problem.

To my mind the battle that we are witnessing redounds to the credit and honor of democracy and not to its discredit, as so many of my friends seem to believe. That Republican and Democratic Senators alike are thinking for themselves on this issue and voting without regard to party positions seems to me to constitute one of the triumphs of democracy, particularly welcome at this hour as a complete demonstration that we *are* a democracy and that our government is not dominated by one man, and I shall hold to this belief whether my side wins or loses. The only regrettable feature about the fight thus far is the assertion by the Administration that what it regards as the unfavorable vote in the House of Representatives has given aid and encouragement to Hitler and Mussolini; that the Administration has heard from abroad that Hitler and Mussolini are radiantly happy that complete power has not been given to the President to decide who shall buy munitions and military equipment from us if war comes abroad. That statement seems to me an unworthy one. When an Executive has to try to dragoon legislators into his way of thinking by assuring them that they are playing into the hands of foreign foes, he is very hard up. It reminds me too much of the way McKinley insisted that those of us who opposed our Philippine aggression were encouraging the Filipinos in their resistance to us and therefore we, and not he, were responsible for the loss of a good many valuable American lives.

Similarly, in the propaganda years before we were misled into the World War, we were constantly being told that we must not do this or we must not do that because if we did it would play into the hands of the Kaiser. In the former case we anti-imperialists refused to allow ourselves to be kept from telling the truth about what was going on in the Philippines, and our opposition to it, by the obviously biased statements which came from

military men that they had found documents on Filipino dead citing anti-imperialist statements in the United States. So today the duty of a Senator or a Congressman on this question of neutrality is, in my judgment, to vote what he thinks will keep this country out of war without stopping to consider how Hitler or Mussolini may view his action. He has taken an oath to vote according to his conscience and his best beliefs. He did not swear to take the position he deemed right *unless* it might lead some foreign statesman to form a certain opinion. There is no such proviso in the oath.

As for the actual effect of our neutrality legislation upon the European dictators, I beg leave to doubt whether they are really concerned with what our Congress is doing. Common sense tells me that they are wrapped up in their own game and the threats to them of the so-called democracies. They are vastly more excited about the British efforts to form a close military alliance with Soviet Russia than they are with what our policy will be toward the belligerents if another war should come. Germany and Italy are staking everything they have on a quick and successful war, a sudden destruction of London and Paris. They know perfectly well that if it is a long war Britain and France will get supplies enough from somewhere to beat them; indeed, it may be that the Allies will defeat the dictators merely by staying on the defensive and just starving them out, as was done during the last struggle.

Speaking of the hopeful workings of democracy, as illustrated by what is happening in Washington as I write, let me call attention here to Arthur Garfield Hays's excellent book "Democracy Works." It has already been favorably reviewed in *The Nation*, but I want to stress its value because I meet so many people who are beginning to wobble about our democracy in their fear of Hitler and Mussolini, without realizing that in yielding to that fear they are giving victory to the dictators. I like Art Hays's clear, frank statements, his summary of what we have accomplished, his frank admissions of our faults and weakness, and his confession that he has no panaceas to set us right overnight. I welcome particularly his statement that our democracy is capable of working out new policies to fit new situations, and that is precisely what I think that our Congress is doing in regard to neutrality. The present neutrality law was epoch-making, for no other country ever undertook such a policy. I believe that it will stay—and go far toward keeping us out of war.

BOOKS and the ARTS

HAVELOCK ELLIS—1859-1939

BY KARL MENNINGER

HAVELOCK ELLIS died in England on July 10 at the age of eighty. He was described by the New York *Herald Tribune* as a psychologist and sociologist, by the *Times* as an essayist and philosopher, and by *Time* as an editor and sexologist. Perhaps in other journals it will be recorded that he was a poet, an artist, a physician, a psychiatrist. Such designations are correct but even taken all together they are inadequate, for Havelock Ellis had the versatility that is the blessing of genius.

Most of those to whom his name is familiar know only about one or two aspects of his life. Some think of him correctly as a pioneer in the study of sex, others esteem him for his literary grace and his gift as a critic; few remember that he was a successful editor and still fewer that he was a physician and a psychiatrist; only his intimates knew that he was an excellent cook as well as a charming host. He himself might have put first among his attainments that he led a full, a rich, and a happy life. He believed, in the words of the Numidian Bishop of Hippo, that one should "love and do what you like," and he practiced this.

As a thoughtful boy of sixteen Ellis dedicated himself to the study of sex at the period in life when other youths are solving their adolescent struggles by indulgence in political and religious fervor or by ostentatious rebellions against custom and social orthodoxy. He pursued this idea with scientific detachment and with unfaltering courage in the face of bitter and slanderous opposition, indifferent alike to applause and praise on the one hand and abuse and criticism on the other. Substantially, Ellis did three things. In the first place, he made a careful, thorough, and honest collection of data relating to a phase of biology which the hypocrisy and prudery of medical science had, until Ellis, caused to be ignored for the most part. In the second place, he evolved and advocated a hedonistic philosophy of life tempered if not determined by the sane, scientific attitude toward sex which his studies engendered. In the third place, he presented his scientific findings and philosophical beliefs to the world with that artistic combination of directness and delicacy which made them acceptable to non-scientific readers.

It is inevitable that Havelock Ellis should be compared with Freud. Like Freud, Ellis was scientist, physician, psychiatrist, psychologist, philosopher, and essayist. Like Freud, he bravely but modestly stuck to his principles in the face of persecution. Like Freud, he was vastly and widely misunderstood. Like Freud, he recognized the importance of sex. While Ellis was saying that sex was the center of life, Freud was saying that the sex instinct should be called the life instinct. Freud has acknowledged his indebtedness to Ellis for several ideas and terms. But their ways parted, for Freud is primarily a clinician, and this Ellis never was.

While Freud worked with patients, Ellis worked with ideas. Both had the ideal scientific attitude, but of the two only Freud used the traditional scientific method. Even Ellis's celebrated "Studies in the Psychology of Sex" was chiefly a collection of data. They had no practical applications, no therapeutic usefulness. Freud looked at the same data not in large collections but in individual instances, and asked, "Why should these things exist in this person? Why does he feel or act as he does?" And then he proceeded to find out. What Freud did was to explain the why and the how of the facts which Ellis tabulated. On the other hand, while the work of Ellis supplied no means for understanding or relieving the individual, it formed the basis for a philosophy of life which benefited and enlightened the entire world, and thus prepared the way for Freud's work with individuals.

It seems extraordinary today that the leading British medical journal, the *Lancet*, refused to review a scientific study of homosexuality by a medical man (Ellis) and explained this in an editorial entitled *The Question of Indecent Literature*, claiming that it had not been published under the proper auspices. To this Ellis made reply that none of the medical publishers whom he had approached were interested in the publication of such a book. By others than the medical press the first volume was called "a wicked, bawdy, scandalous, and obscene book." Even *The Nation* of those days commented rather haughtily if not contemptuously that frequently in the volume "one comes upon remarks that suggest a paean upon sex, scientifically, philosophically, and poetically."

How does it come about that some individuals, such as Ellis and Freud, can have so completely escaped those psychological fetters which bind all of us? The answer is not easy to give. This much one can say, however, that there certainly was in Ellis a highly developed sensitiveness to the principles of dialectics, to the recognition of truth in the opposite. Early in his life he wrote that there were few questions about which, after a study of both sides, he did not come to a conclusion "totally opposite to the orthodox one which I have always been taught to believe true." Discussing this further, Ellis said that he felt sure that he was not actuated by any spirit of perversity, but on the contrary was frequently "convicted" in spite of himself and "made miserable." To one psychoanalytically oriented this accidental substitution of the word "convicted" when he obviously meant to write "convinced" suggests how strongly determined this attitude was by emotional factors. It is significant that Ellis, who led a most idealistic sexual life, should have written the world's greatest treatise on the abnormalities of sex. Olive Schreiner once wrote that Ellis was like a cross between a Christ and a faun. But all this does not explain him; it only indicates

that it was out of vast internal contradictions that there grew an outer life characterized by a magnificent unity of purpose and spirit.

Current History

REVOLUTIONS AND DICTATORSHIPS. By Hans Kohn.
Harvard University Press. \$3.50.

AFTER the victory of the French army in the Battle of Valmy, Goethe said to his nephew: "Today a new chapter of world history has begun, and you may boast of having been in attendance." Although history has no "chapters" and only the scholastic inclination of the human mind justifies this metaphor, the impulsive genius of the poet in this case was duly appreciating the fateful event. Those, however, who, terrified by post-war happenings, seem to believe that a new period has commenced and that henceforward self-appointed nationalistic megalomaniacs will run the world are no poets imbued with superhuman divination, and their view carries but little weight.

Professor Hans Kohn, setting the current revolutions against their historical background, certainly does not rank with these prophets of evil. He is no doubt right in emphasizing that the "new philosophy" is a revolution of anarchy and egotism against the "established order of moral and intellectual values." But so far all philosophies, since Socrates and Jesus Christ, have been revolutions against an established order. There are, however, revolutions and revolutions. Montesquieu, Rousseau, Voltaire, and other harbingers of 1789 preceded the *marcia su Versailles*; their theory of liberty was not made to order as the philosophy of fascism after the *marcia su Roma* certainly was. And so far as we know, the "Encyclopedia," the Bible of the French Revolution, was not a compulsory wedding present to increase at the taxpayer's expense the royalties of Diderot and D'Alembert, nor did Mirabeau, Marat, or even Robespierre select masterpieces from the Louvre for the decoration of their private homes.

Fully appreciating Professor Kohn's argument that "what is going on in the world today is a spiritual conflict, an ideological war," I cannot help perceiving that this "struggle of ideas" is unfortunately connected with a very temporal *Machtpolitik* and a most realistic war, or blackmail, as the case may be, to attain the aims and ends of German or Italian imperialism. In the author's view it is "a most disastrous mistake to identify Fascist imperialism with the pre-war imperialism of militaristic and conservative empires like Germany." However, Elizabeth Wiskemann, in the April issue of the *Nineteenth Century*, most convincingly proved that the ideological foundation of Nazism reaches back as far as Ritter von Schönerer's movement, and the author himself quotes a Prussian weekly of 1871: "Germany can never hope to be understood by other peoples than those of German blood."

Without identifying the imperialism of the Second and the Third Reich Professor Kohn nevertheless points to the "Titanic romanticism of the first half of the nineteenth century," which "expressed itself in the primacy and the divine mission of the German nation." Although, in nationalistic

ideology, "the whole nation as Messiah" replaced the personal Messiah, the unification of both Germany and Italy was the result not of nationalism but "of unprincipled *Macht und Realpolitik*," eventually defeating liberal nationalism itself. Does not Nazism, coming down to brass tacks, follow the same unprincipled principle?

On the other hand, the author's view that fascism, "a new effort to stem the progress of liberalism, is similar to the effort made a hundred years ago by the Holy Alliance" stretches historical parallelism. The Holy Alliance, unlike the present unholy one, made an attempt also to curb the rising tide not only of liberalism but of nationalism, which "in its triumphant, most exaggerated stage," as Professor Kohn correctly puts it, "looms as the greatest danger, for it hinders the necessary organization of a world society."

In addition to his masterful and brilliant analysis of the Russian, Turkish, and Arab revolutions and of the Zionist movement, Professor Kohn's object is to give a clear explanation of recent dictatorships and of what he calls "the totalitarian crisis."

No one could doubt his statement that the power of contemporary dictators is less limited than that of their fore-runners, that their propaganda technique is irresistible, that they are men who do not belong to the "ruling class" and are "democratic" in so far as they cannot afford to disregard mass feelings created by themselves. It matters little that Spengler inserted a protest against this democratic character of Nazism. It is true that fascist dictatorships—in various respects an antithesis to the ideas of 1789—"carry further three of the most important elements of the French Revolution—its secularism, its nationalism, and its mass democracy." Even in Russia, where communism claims to be supranational and cosmopolitan, and in spite of the fact that the Soviet government is most tolerant in the treatment of national minorities, the national spirit, as Professor Kohn too has to recognize, has made an undeniable progress in the last decade.

There remains, however, no doubt that nationalism is the villain in the play of dictatorships. In the author's view, "to a thoughtful observer its day seems nearing its end." It may be that "the permanence of war clouds" marks a violent after-glow in the same way as the war clouds of the seventeenth century marked the after-glow of "totalitarian" religion, but so far we see only the clouds without the silver lining. Maybe it is "a disastrous mistake" to see in the actual crisis "nothing but a fight between two imperialisms, a young buccaneer and a retired pirate," admitting even that one of the conflicting ideologies (fascism) is but "a symptom of the disease of our nationalist world," but the remedy the author offers is scarcely adequate to the progress of the disease: "The old prejudices of nineteenth century nationalism would slowly have to die, so that at the end . . . instead of a free assembly of sovereign nations a sovereign assembly of free nations would emerge." Even if democracies, as the author hopes, would cooperate to this effect it might take some time to bring about such radical change. No one realizing the deadly dangers of the crisis would hesitate, unless he were a Nazi, to espouse the wishful thought quoted above. But though there have been wars and revolutions that shattered the foundation of absolutistic

monarchy, there is hardly any hope that reason alone could work the miracle of getting rid of an ideology on which power relies.

It may be none of the historian's business to suggest political remedies for a historical disease, but Professor Kohn, being a conscientious scholar, felt it not possible "to withdraw like *Candide* and to cultivate his own garden." Regardless of his hopes, his most readable book convincingly elucidates the current events seething in the witches' caldron of history. Professor Kohn certainly does not deserve the self-reproach that a collection of essays "can never attain the unity of a book." The unity of his book was, perhaps, not deliberate; but it is all the more conspicuous as it finds an undeniable expression in the harmonious scientific personality of the author.

RUSTEM VAMBERY

The End of an Epopee

WOODROW WILSON, *LIFE AND LETTERS*. ARMISTICE. By Ray Stannard Baker. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$5.

THIS EIGHTH volume concludes the monumental biography of Woodrow Wilson. It does not go further than the armistice of November 11, 1918, because the author has already treated the events of the Peace Conference and of its sequel in his three volumes on "Woodrow Wilson and World Settlement," which he published sixteen years ago. His last twelve years have been devoted to the biography which unfolds to us the whole panorama of Wilson's life and intellectual activity from his youth till the day which seemed to witness the supreme consummation of his hopes and efforts. The eighth volume, like the seventh volume, is cast in the form of a day-by-day record of the President's doings during the troubled time of the World War, with the events of the World War and of the American scene as the background as far as they concerned the activities of the President on that day. A great number of documents and letters, or entries in diaries, and of notes on conversations are quoted and thus give to these volumes their value as a documentary source of recent history.

The biography ends at a time which, against some outward appearance, in reality marked the setting of Wilson's star both in the domestic and in the international field. The November elections in 1918 had gone against him. His appeal to the voters for a Democratic victory was regarded by Dr. Charles W. Eliot as "an unnecessary and inexpedient departure from the position you have previously held, namely, that you are the President of the United States, claiming and having the support of the entire people." The Republican leaders, as Senator Key Pittman remarked in a letter to the President, had carried on a powerful propaganda, "teaching the people to believe that you were endeavoring through negotiations to reach a compromise peace with Germany." In spite of the fact that the President's appeal may have been a mistake he took his defeat wisely and magnanimously. Some of his remarks at the beginning of 1919 to members of the Democratic National Committee could be repeated:

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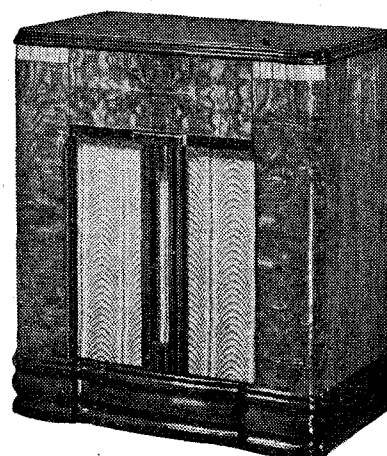
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—John Temple Graves, II, *Birmingham Age-Herald*
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—Virginius Dabney, *Saturday Review of Literature*
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—Margaret Marshall, *The Nation*
7. "It is destined to take an important place in the literature of our country. I heartily congratulate all who have had part in the creation of this remarkable work."
—Senator J. W. Bailey,
U. S. Senate Committee on Commerce

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as told by the People to members
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The University of North Carolina Press, Chapel Hill, N. C.

Personally, I am not in the least discouraged by the results of the election. Any party which carries out through a long series of years a great progressive and constructive program is sure to bring about a reaction, because while in the main the reforms that we have accomplished have been sound reforms, they have necessarily touched a great many definite interests in a way that distressed them. . . . There is nothing apparently to which the human mind is less hospitable than change, and in the business world that is particularly true because if you get in the habit of doing your business a particular way and are compelled to do it in a different way, you think that somebody in Washington does not understand business. . . . And then I do not think that we ought to conceal from ourselves the fact that not the whole body of our partisans are as cordial in the support of some of the things that we have done as they ought to be.

In the international field the President was, on questions of principle, as far-sighted. To Colonel House he cabled on October 30:

I cannot consent to take part in the negotiations of a peace which does not include freedom of the seas because we are pledged to fight not only to do away with Prussian militarism but with militarism everywhere. Neither could I participate in a settlement which did not include league of nations because peace would be without any guarantee except universal armament which would be intolerable.

Until the end Wilson remained convinced that America is the leader of the liberal thought of the world. From this conclusion he recognized the obligation which this position placed upon the United States, both at home and abroad. A perusal of the present volume will show that, in spite of his many shortcomings as a tactician and political strategist and in his relations with politicians and political adversaries, President Wilson served his conviction about America's destiny and role in the world with great earnestness, sincere devotion, and untiring effort.

HANS KOHN

Liberty and the Baby's Bottle

IN BLOOD AND INK. By Maury Maverick. Modern Age Books. 75 cents.

"SELFISH INTERESTS have thoroughly implanted the belief that all politicians are crooked. Using this smoke screen of persistent propaganda against representative government, these same selfish interests have been able to get a lot of crooks in office, making politics for the great majority of men in public office a hard and cruel game."

When selfish interests temporarily discontinued the political activities of the writer of the above, hundreds of thousands of Americans who had never seen Maury Maverick got good and sore. The stocky gentleman from Texas was their answer to the "all-politicians-are-crooked" gag, and when Maury came bouncing back into the City Hall at San Antonio, decent people everywhere gave thanks. A man of the breed of Norris, Hoan, and the La Follettes had shown again that courage, intelligence, and honesty are not necessarily political liabilities, even in Garnerland.

In this fat little Modern Age book Maverick is pamphleteering for his notions of what democracy is all about. He writes about the Constitution and the peoples' declarations

of faith in themselves clear back to Runnymede, and clear on to Roosevelt. He gives us 274 pages of ammunition, including the little-read documents themselves, for shooting holes into the self-appointed keepers of the Holy Writ who don't want tough-minded democrats rummaging round their precious papers. (Maverick gives us a gorgeous example of this in the case of a Mr. Wymberley De Renne, of Wormsloe, Isle of Hope, Savannah, who has somehow come into possession of the original Confederate Constitution and who won't answer Maverick's letters about it.)

Stoutly insisting that the Constitution is for grocery men and "taxi-truck-mule drivers," as well as for lawyers to play around with, the author looks Al Smith-like at the record and bids us never to forget the butter and eggs and roads and land and dams and houses implications in the document which nobody—well, hardly anybody—reads.

Along the trail blazed by Charles Beard in his "Economic Interpretation of the Constitution," Maverick marches cheerily, stopping now and then to swap lusty punches with the authoritarians or to holler out his slogan, "He is the greatest patriot who stops the most gullies."

To many leftist youngsters this sort of thinking, full of some pretty corny humor, pretty obvious debunking, pretty patent remedies, will come as a novelty. I can see dialectic eyebrows lifting over such a definition as this: "Democracy, to me, is liberty *plus* economic security. To put it in plain language, we Americans want to talk, pray, think as we please—and eat regular. I say this because there is a lot of nonsense in talk about liberty. You cannot fill the baby's bottle with liberty." Old-timers will understand that Maverick is in the fine pamphleteering tradition of Tom Paine, a tradition carried on in our own times by Oscar Ameringer, Upton Sinclair, and a handful of writing rebels west of the Hudson.

Apparently the editors of the Mayor's manuscript were also flustered by the informality of the Mayor's style. At all events they did a sloppy job in their attempt to make the appearance of the text as lively as the contents. For they so sprinkled the book with brisbanish italics, subheads, and bold-faced hoopla as irritatingly to check the full surge of the Maverick march. If their answer is that they did this on orders from San Antonio, someone should be sitting in the Mayor's corner before the next round saying, "Maury, don't signal your punches. Your left is okay as is. Let it ride without benefit of Upper Case." MC ALISTER COLEMAN

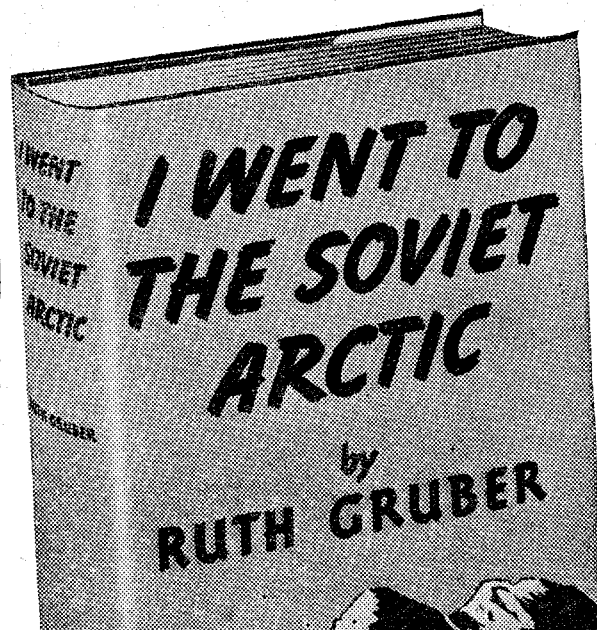
Brownson Restored

ORESTES A. BROWNSON. *A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS*.

By Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. Little, Brown and Company. \$2.50.

"HIS predominant passion," a friend once wrote of Brownson, "was love of truth. This was all his glory and all his trouble. . . ." Popularity, friendship, private happiness, and worldly success—all these he was willing to sacrifice, and actually did, in truth's behalf. Though he might have achieved fame and power as a writer on economic problems, as a Transcendentalist philosopher, as a democratic theorist, or as a Catholic publicist, yet "he always left the traveled road to bruise himself in the thickets." He was

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amazingly inconsistent, rushing from one set of beliefs to another, yet always convinced that at last he was on the right road and each time publishing his new ideas and defying his critics. It was no wonder, therefore, that he achieved among his contemporaries that reputation for instability and contentiousness which has obscured his real contributions to American thought.

Orestes A. Brownson was, in reality, an important figure in the intellectual movement celebrated by Van Wyck Brooks in "The Flowering of New England." A member of the group of philosophers and thinkers of the Emerson period, he symbolized, as Mr. Schlesinger shows so well, "the intellectual restlessness and vitality" of his time and typified the generation by his widespread interests. During the years from 1830 to 1870, there was hardly an issue which Brownson failed to discuss; and to some of these questions he contributed a great deal. In fact, Mr. Schlesinger goes so far as to say that "his observations on society had a profundity no other American of his time approached." Religion played a vital part in his life. He became, soon after leaving the Presbyterian Church, first a Universalist preacher, then for a short time an agnostic, next a Unitarian minister, and finally a member of the Catholic Church. Never trained in economics or politics, still he perceived, almost alone among his contemporaries, the uselessness of political rights unless confirmed by economic equality. He also recognized very early the significance of the frontier to American history. "Our industrial system," he wrote in 1844, "is working gradually, but surely, the subjection of the great mass of the operative classes, and when our new lands shall have been exhausted, and the price of land become so high that the laboring man can no longer hope to become a proprietor . . . we shall find established all over the country an industrial feudalism, of which the military feudalism of the Middle Ages was but a faint prelude."

Until recently, however, Brownson, despite his extraordinary intellect and honesty, was almost forgotten. In 1937, for example, when a group of New York boys knocked a bronze head off its pedestal in Riverside Park, it was only with some difficulty that it was identified as that of Orestes A. Brownson. In this extremely well-written and scholarly biography, Mr. Schlesinger, son of the prominent Harvard historian, has attempted to revive public interest in this lonely figure. Believing that Brownson deserves kinder treatment than he has obtained in the past, Mr. Schlesinger now wishes to restore him to all Americans as "a part of the national heritage."

SYDNEY ZEBEL

Pepys and the Navy

SAMUEL PEPYS, THE SAVIOUR OF THE NAVY. By Arthur Bryant. The Macmillan Company. \$3.75.

THE third volume of Mr. Bryant's painstaking and warmly appreciative biography of Pepys depicts the busiest and most significant years of the great Secretary's career. In the brief interval between 1683, when he journeyed to Africa in order to supervise the evacuation of the British station at Tangier, and 1689, when, with William and Mary on the throne and James II in exile, he sadly but courageously left the service of the navy for the second and last time, he

rose to the full stature of his greatness of character and achievement. Bursting with indignation at the laxity of discipline among the officers at sea and on foreign station he returned from Tangier and Spain to pour into the receptive ear of James his bitter observations and his passionate desire for the opportunity to build a fleet and create a discipline that would make the navy an effective instrument for national defense. Given almost plenary power, he set himself to the task.

In the heavily documented but vivid pages of this volume, he is a man possessed. No obstacle of inertia or of malice was so great, no privilege was so firmly rooted, no rank or power so awful that it could daunt his burning purpose or defeat his herculean labor. He had no time for furtive flirtations, little time even for the virtuosi of his beloved Royal Society; he must discipline unruly captains and admirals, drive mulish ship's carpenters and riggers, harry parsimonious treasury officials, write innumerable letters, compile voluminous reports; he must create a navy fit for his king's greatness and England's protection.

Pepys created a navy, indeed he established the foundations of what has been, take it all in all, the greatest navy of recorded history. The fleet he built, wind-bound in the Channel and commanded by the brave but perplexed Dartmouth, failed to save James in his hour of need; but the seamanship and the naval discipline he developed against overwhelming odds survived to save his islands from conquerors less benign than William of Orange.

If no other part of this factual and vital book remained in memory, it would be memorable in this taut day of fleets at sea for one quiet passage of Pepysian shrewdness. On his way home from Spain he made a note to remind himself that on his return to England he should immediately advise the King to acquire Gibraltar.

DONALD A. ROBERTS

Life of Bizet

GEORGES BIZET. By Martin Cooper. Oxford University Press. \$2.75.

MARTIN COOPER has written an excellent little book on Bizet containing all the information that one could desire about the man, the artist, and the musician. The work is critical without pedantry or sarcasm, and it is sympathetic without sentimentality or hero-worship. In the short compass of 140 pages, Mr. Cooper is able at the same time to make some very useful observations for the intending biographer or musicologist. He shows by his own practice that the art of setting down the life of an artist involves the ability of seeing life as the subject himself saw it. Bizet, for example, was not a "disinterested," "uncommercial" composer: he wanted to write operatic successes and make money. He was even willing to strive after a kind of "catchiness" in order to succeed. The doctrinaire biographer is apt to infer from these plain facts that Bizet's best—"L'Arlésienne" or "Carmen"—is tainted music, entertaining but not high art. Mr. Cooper makes no such mistake, and we are all the gainers in consequence.

It is a pity to have to add that Mr. Cooper is guilty of the

North-and-South fallacy. He explains much of Bizet's music by the fascination which the Southern soul exerts on the Northern Temperament. In "Carmen" it is "southern brutality and fatalism." How ineffectual this kind of artistic geography really is appears from the equal and opposite commonplace, namely, that what fascinates us in, say, Sibelius, is the cold brutality and fatalism of the North. And what about Bizet's unfinished "Don Rodrigue" (of which Mr. Cooper says nothing)—a Spanish subject, to be sure, but patterned after the medieval romances which had counterparts and currency from Scotland to Sicily? A critic who can discern true human qualities as Mr. Cooper can has no need of adjectival astro-labes to measure Latitude north and south.

JACQUES BARZUN

DRAMA

THE musical revue "From Vienna" presented by the Refugee Artists Group at the Music Box is an important Broadway event for more reasons than one. The show itself is light and gay with just enough significance to deepen your laughter. The legendary Viennese spirit, which is more often than not a boring musical-comedy device, comes through here at its best. The actors play with gusto and precision, however small the part. There is not a dull or tasteless moment, and scenes which may seem strange to an American audience add freshness to the experience. Those who go to the performance with the idea that they are patronizing some worthy refugees will find themselves rewarded by professional entertainment.

There are excellent scenes in this revue which have been duly praised by all the critics; and there is no propaganda as such. But aside from its purely theatrical virtues, "From Vienna" marks the first successful appearance of a refugee theater on Broadway. The actors who take part in it worked in Vienna as a group, playing with great success at the time of the Dollfuss dictatorship, which they attacked with subtle irony. When the German armies marched into Austria their stage was closed, of course; their scenery and costumes burned. The members of the group fled in all directions. Not all of them escaped. One of the members of the group, Jura Soyfor, whose sketch Journey to Paradise the group presents now in memoriam, was caught while attempting to cross the frontier into Switzerland on skis. He died, at the age of 26, after a year in a German concentration camp. It is not a year since the first member of the group arrived in New York. One by one the others followed. Soon they were on the job again, making a living by day as good Viennese nurses and cooks and bad handymen, working at night—learning English, rewriting their material, rehearsing for months, finally giving auditions to attract Broadway. That they succeeded in so short a time is an achievement which honors both their abilities and the spirit of the helpers they found, Beatrice Kaufman in the first place, Charles Friedman, Harry Levant, Donald Oenslager, Hassard Short, Irene Sharaff, Victor Wolfson, and Sam H. Harris.

"From Vienna" is only a beginning but its success is

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important. If the Refugee Artists Group becomes a crystallizing point for the great talents of the German, Czech, and Austrian theaters now exiled in this country, it will have made a genuine and lasting contribution to the American stage.

FRANZ HOELLERING

The "Streets of Paris" (Broadhurst) are largely populated by the better class of American vaudeville actors, which may be a drawback for the more sophisticated; but several high spots in the bill make it well worth while for anyone. Carmen Miranda, lately from the casinos of Rio de Janeiro and other points south, accompanied by some romantically strumming Brazilian young men, appears only once but is recalled, as she should be, again and again. The sly and humorous qualities of her singing, and its precision, give it a fine edge. Jean Sablon, well known to the more discriminating collectors of popular song records, along with Yvonne Bouvier, gives the show—apart from the set—almost its only Parisian touch. An engaging young couple, Gower and Jeanne, who have charmed the customers at the Rainbow Room, and the eighteen-year-old Readinger twin sisters do some particularly fresh and lively steps. "Think-a-Drink" Hoffman furnishes the audience—a favored few of them—with all kinds of real drinks seemingly drawn from the air, and Ben Dova [*sic*] does a marvelous drunk act that starts in an upper box and tumbles to the stage where it ends on the top of a swaying lamppost. Bobby Clark, Luella Gear, with Abbott and Costello and Ward and Van, vaudeville veterans, furnish the humor—mostly routine and a bit dull in spots. The show is a revue and pleasantly free of any plot.

E. C.

RECORDS

MY RECENT statement that "scored [i. e., written out] jazz does not equal, in quality of musical invention, jazz improvisation" has brought me a letter of dissent concerning the performances of Ellington's Orchestra. I made my statement about the normal type of scored jazz in which the ensemble passages of the performance, and sometimes even the solos, are written out in advance for the orchestra by the man who composes this particular "arrangement" of the song. Ellington's performances, on the other hand, are jointly composed by Ellington and his players—Ellington first supplying a theme and ideas for its treatment, the players then creating the actual solo and ensemble material along the lines he has suggested, modified by their own imaginations and tastes, and this material being noted down in a score which, however, is constantly modified in living performance. In this process the players exercise their own creative talent—with the difference, as my correspondent points out, that in constructing their solos they depend not wholly on inspiration but partly on their musical intelligence, which he considers far above the average; and he contends that the group is "capable of writing and playing orchestrations that are as interesting as the work of the good soloists"—by which I take it he means the improvised work of these soloists. I agree that the Ellington group produces highly interesting

performances in this way, but I don't think their best reaches the level attained occasionally by improvisation at white heat.

My correspondent goes even further: "If a Clayton or Stacy solo is merely an occasional high spot in an art which usually yields performances of little value, the solo by Clayton is relatively unimportant. But if Duke Ellington or anyone else can show us that a jazz performance, consisting for the more important part of improvisations, can be controlled and can give us different emotions and experiences, then the Clayton solos of today are the first of more beautiful things to come. I feel that the Ellington Orchestra is the only one which gives that hope for the future." This is not precisely written, and I am not sure that I understand it. Does the statement about different emotions and experiences, for example, mean that the Ellington performance, because of its organization of material, gives us emotions and experiences different in kind from those given us by the improvised performance? If so, I contend that its organization does not cause its emotional implications to be any but the emotional implications of its jazz material.

The meaning I derive from the entire passage is that whereas the method of improvisation can produce an outstanding solo only rarely, Ellington's method brings this under control, producing solos that are consistently good and promising to make plentiful what is rare today. But I don't agree that the outstanding improvised solo is as rare as my correspondent says, or that if it were it would be unimportant; and I contend that outstanding Ellington performances occur no more frequently than outstanding improvised ones. There are more performances, that is, which testify to his skill in combining and spacing instrumental colors, his ear for sophisticated harmonies, than performances which offer interesting musical ideas. In such ideas the recent and simply scored "Mississippi Dreamboat" (played under the nominal leadership of Johnny Hodges on Vocalion) offers more than the trickily composed and orchestrated "Portrait of the Lion" (Brunswick); and in "Something to Live For," on the reverse side of the Brunswick record, Ellington's sophistication spoils what begins as a superb song.

Maxine Sullivan's singing of "I Dream of Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair" (Victor) is quite the most charming I have heard her do, but she murders "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes" on the reverse side. In the same way Mildred Bailey's amusing "Tit-Willow" from "The Hot Mikado" is backed by something dreadful called "The Lamp Is Low" (Vocalion). But both "Gimme a Pigfoot" and "Take Me for a Buggy Ride," sung by Bessie Smith on a Commodore reissue, are superb. Count Basie's record of two piano solos, "When the Sun Goes Down" and "The Dirty Dozens" (Decca), is good; and on Coleman Hawkins's French record of "Crazy Rhythm" (Victor) two undistinguished saxophone solos by Ekyan and Combelle lead to a good one by Benny Carter and superlative ones by Hawkins, who does equally fine work in "Honeysuckle Rose" on the reverse side.

B. H. HAGGIN

Next Week in the Nation:—

Vincent Sheean's "Not Peace but a Sword"
reviewed by Franz Hoellering

Carey McWilliams's "Factories in the Fields"
reviewed by I. F. Stone

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Letters to the Editors

Art at the Fair

Dear Sirs: American Art at the Fair, an article by Christopher Lazare which appeared in your issue of July 1, bears no relation to the facts. As an active participant in all the activities connected with the exhibition, American Art Today, at the New York World's Fair, I believe I am qualified to give your readers some further comment more nearly in accord with reality.

Mr. Lazare states that the exhibit "violates all the boundaries of judgment and taste," and he says: "The reason for this failure is not to be ascribed to the artists but to the judges—and their shockingly chauvinistic emphasis on specific national characteristics." He puts the word democratic in quotation marks when he refers to the exhibit, and speaks of the successful esthetic coherence of the Fair itself in contrast to the "inglorious geographic compendium," as he terms the work of more than 1,000 American artists in this show. He calls their work "canceled tidbits of esthetic slang," complains that they do not speak a universal idiom, and finds the judges of the exhibit responsible for these shortcomings because they have followed criteria the emphasis on which "is the next best thing to fascist censorship of art." He closes by saying that Mr. Whalen was correct in the first place in holding that there was no need for an exhibition of fine arts at the Fair.

The exhibit at the Fair exists because the artists of America asked for it, fought to get it, and won it. It is the most *representative* show of contemporary American art ever held, and it has exerted a powerful unifying force in artists' organizations. It was democratically organized and selected and it stands in the field of art as an historical monument to democratic principles.

When the Artists Coordination Committee, under the chairmanship of Hugo Gellert, first asked for an exhibition of art at the Fair two years ago, their request was flatly refused. But after repeated efforts meetings were arranged with representatives of the Fair's Board of Design. The Board held out against the show, but the artists were determined, and at last the press took up the fight. Mayor La Guardia added his sup-

port to them and the fight was won. Conger Goodyear, then president of the Museum of Modern Art, was appointed by Mr. Whalen to form a committee to organize the show, and the people he chose represented all the elements which had carried on the struggle for the exhibition. Holger Cahill, national director of the Federal Arts Project, was retained as director of the exhibit, and he brought to his job an unequalled first-hand knowledge of the work of living American artists.

The committee decided to hold a national exhibition of work by living American artists, which would be entirely selected by the artists themselves. There were no exceptions to this rule, and all non-artists involved in the organization acted in an advisory capacity only and had no vote. Over eighty juries of artists were set up covering every section of the United States, and every artist in the country was eligible to submit work to these juries. Every jury was balanced by the inclusion of conservative, middle-of-the-road, and modern representatives. Quotas for work were established relative to the artist population of the various regions, and the date of meeting of the juries was widely publicized.

Mr. Lazare knows all this because he refers to the foreword in the catalogue in which these facts are cited, but he nevertheless terms the organizational set-up "chauvinistic" and compares it to "fascist censorship of art." As this comparison doesn't make sense I think it entirely proper to call Mr. Lazare's article nonsense, and since it was done with knowledge of the facts at hand I should say it was vicious nonsense.

When this strangely democratic "fascist" organization went into action it functioned smoothly. The juries selected work, not reputations. No school or tendency in art was discriminated against, and the quality of the accepted work represents the best of the thousands of works submitted to the juries. I am certain that no other country in the world today can put on a comparable show. It proves that we have a strong and healthy art in the United States today with roots in all parts of the country.

Mr. Lazare's approval of the original stand of the Fair against any art ex-

hibition at all is not "the next best thing to fascist censorship of art," but rather the next thing beyond fascist censorship of art, since it involves complete eradication of art expression.

STUART DAVIS

New York, July 10

[Mr. Lazare is preparing a reply to Mr. Davis which will appear in next week's issue.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Dear Sirs: I got back to the city several days ago, after a month's absence, and wading through the accumulated copies of *The Nation* I came across Christopher Lazare's article about the art exhibit at the Fair. I read it with relish. It expressed graphically the more or less inarticulate thoughts that passed through my mind when I saw the exhibition. I think the article a profound diagnosis of the show, and a just criticism of the manner in which it was brought together.

HARRY I. WILDENBERG

New York, July 13

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